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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO KICK—A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE BALLET, WHERE FUTURE DIVINITIES IN ABBREVIATED DIMITY ARE INITIATED INTO THE ARTS, ENCHANTMENTS AND MYSTERIES OF TERPSICHORE NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 2.



# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848.  
RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.  
Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
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## To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

## Answers to Correspondents.

V. F., Kinsley, Kan.—Portrait will appear in our next.  
L. H., Danvilleville, Conn.—Manuscript was utterly illegible.  
CORRESPONDENT, Hughes, O.—Unable to find room for it this week.  
G. H., Springfield, Mass.—Account of occurrence previously published.  
F. R. S., Vicksburg, Miss.—Account of affair published in preceding issue.  
S. S. L., Cincinnati.—Have sent you check for \$5. Please acknowledge on receipt.  
E. H. D., Newtown.—Do not know to what you refer. Please be more explicit.  
CHIEF JONES, Philadelphia.—Thanks for attention. Portrait appears in this issue.  
A. N. C., Petersburg, Ill.—Attention appreciated, but account had already been published.  
F. H., Starkville, Miss.—We published full account of the occurrence in the preceding issue.  
B. A. W., Summit, Miss.—Account appeared in preceding issue; thanks for attention all the same.  
J. J. D., Utica, Neb.—Please send matters referred to at the earliest possible moment after occurrence.  
S. J. D., Millersburg, O.—We do not publish casualties unless attended by very sensational circumstances.  
B. F. H., Talladega, Ala.—Can find no point for illustration in the occurrence, which is too obscurely described.  
X., Independence, Kan.—Sketch sent contains no point for illustration. Other matter published in preceding issue.  
CORRESPONDENT, Bryan, Tex.—Matter was too far behind date to make use of sketch this week. Portrait appears elsewhere.  
IAGO, Independence, Kansas.—We gave you, in this column, notification of its forthcoming publication in our preceding issue.  
W. O. P., Lynn, Mass.—The matter is of little value to us, but we publish such for the benefit of the friends. Further by mail.  
POTERO, Sidney, Neb.—Had received and illustrated another account before yours was received. Other too late for this week.  
E. L. C., Virginia, Nev.—The matter is rather late now, but you can send it on, and, if used, we will of course pay you a fair price for it.  
J. J. C., Joplin, Mo.—Did not deem the ex-official of sufficient special interest for publication in our columns. Other portrait will appear in our next.  
ARTHUR CHAMBERS, Philadelphia.—You were right; it was our error. See notice of matter referred to, published elsewhere. Thanks for the favor; will return it.  
G. R., Sioux City, Iowa.—Thanks for favors; your hospitable invitation heartily appreciated. Should not fail to accept it if opportunity offered. Have written you.  
B. F. T., Philadelphia.—Thanks for the attention. We gathered from the tone of your note that you wished no mention of name at all in connection with the matter. If wrong, advise us next time. Similar attentions always welcome.  
A. B. H., Miles City, M. T.—The narrative is interesting, though too lengthy, and somewhat out of our line. Besides, we cannot use manuscript written on both sides of the paper. Should be glad to have items of current interest from you in region alluded to, however.  
CORRESPONDENT, Booneville, Mo.—Much obliged; name will be noted in future; the injunction as to its use came too late to be of service this time. Will be glad to have account referred to, and still more so to have accurate sketch or photo of the occurrence, if sent promptly.  
HAWKSHAW, St. Louis.—We have no connection whatever with any detective agency, and whoever told you so was simply giving you "guff." Our line of business is illustrated journalism, and that only. We find it sufficiently onerous to keep us at all times in a state of healthful activity.  
S. F. W., New York city.—We will endeavor to keep pace with the times, as we have been very successful in doing for some time past, judging by the most practical evidences of popular appreciation, but scarcely think that we should maintain that pace by gratuitously advertising every private show that comes along, without regard to quality, by giving "full page illustrations" of matters that are of interest and value chiefly to the proprietor of said show. As is not an uncommon characteristic in the business world, we propose that when we turn the grindstone, it is our own ax that shall be ground—if we know it. Should the enterprise prove, however, to be sufficiently unlike your numerous previous ones to render it a matter of general interest we shall, no doubt, do the subject full justice in our columns.

## CLERICAL SINNERS.

The shocking prevalence of depravity in the profession towards which we are taught to look for our exemplars in religious and moral matters contributes largely to the columns of every journal which holds the mirror squarely up to nature respecting the current events of general interest of our day. It is a very poor week indeed, for clerical misdoings, that does not gather into the criminal records the stories of at least half a dozen good men of the cloth gone wrong. We do not propose to enter here into an analytical examination of, or to theorize upon the apparent anomaly. All that we propose to do in the premises is to call attention to a characteristic bit of "cussedness" of the kind in question, of which the city of Dover, Maine, was recently the field of action.

It appears that the Baptists of that city were without a pastor. While in this wretched state of deprivation a plausible young man who gave his name as Mr. Stedman, prefixing to it, with the distinguishing modest assumption of the cloth, the presumptuous epithet of "reverend," came that way. How far deserving he proved to be of the "reverence" so freely accorded him, off-hand, by the hungering Baptist flock, will speedily appear.

Now the fact of the plausible Mr. Stedman happening that way just at the hour of the Dover Baptists' greatest spiritual need, might have been merely a coincidence, and then again it might not have been a mere coincidence. Be that as it may the conjunction appeared at the time most opportune for both parties. The flock was in sad need of a pastor, and the pastor was sadly in need of a flock.

The plausible Mr. Stedman preached a few trial sermons before the Dover Baptists, to their great delectation and the advancement of Mr. Stedman to a satisfactorily solid standing in their esteem. The pastorless congregation, therefore, though utterly ignorant of Mr. Stedman's antecedents, whether his previous way of life had been in the crooked or the clerical line, or whether he had any more right to the character of religious teacher than any John Doe or Richard Roe whom they might call in out of the street at random, eagerly and unanimously besought him to tarry among them in that capacity. Of course, he accepted. In the language of irreverent worldlings, that was just his "little game." He played it well, too, did the more or less "reverend" Mr. Stedman. He followed up the first impression of his congregation vigorously by ingratiating himself with the "first families" thereof in short meter, to a degree that was greatly to his advantage, if not to his credit. One of the first advantages thus reaped was his marriage to the daughter of a rich deacon of the church, with all that is implied in having a rich deacon for a dotting father-in-law. His popularity speedily reached flood tide, and was in no wise abated by the complaints of envious persons, and, subsequently, of his wife, that he was a little inclined to flirt with the girls. He preached such tremendously fine sermons that the most conservative Dover Baptist could see no mote in his eye.

Disaster came at last, however, and overwhelmed him beyond hope. Some Dover Baptist, possessed of more discernment than his fellows, took but little stock in the fellow and finally discovered that his beautiful sermons were stolen, *verbatim et literatim*, and with strict partiality, solely from Rev. Dr. Storrs's works, that he had not the slightest right to the clerical character he assumed and, in short, that the blooming parson was a fraud of the first water. Of course, there was a mighty collapse, and now the Dover Baptists are in a deplorable state of perturbation and are agitated by a sea of conflicting emotions and theories. What will chiefly strike the outside world in regard to the matter is the astounding facility with which an unknown and characterless tramp could be accepted so implicitly and without question at his own valuation by an entire congregation of reputable people, an appreciable number of whom, it is fair to presume, must have been endowed with an average share of common sense.

## A LITTLE LESSON FROM LONDON.

Policeman Byrnes, if the story of Arthur McGovern, now lying in Roosevelt hospital, with a badly broken leg and a shockingly broken head, is not disproved, is a formidable rival to Captain Williams in the contest for clubbing honors in which a number of the force are evidently entered. Williams, it is true, has cracked numberless skulls, thumped legions of his unarmed fellow men, and brutally bullied, in a variety of ways, more unoffending citizens, in the exercise of the expansive emotions of his great soul, than any individual who ever wore the uniform of this or any other municipal service. These are strong points in justification of his claim to the championship, we are aware, but we doubt if he has ever, in so short a space of time, succeeded in making such a complete wreck of an able-bodied man as is claimed for Policeman Byrnes in the instance of McGovern. Apropos of this pleasant little bit of a lesson in regard to the clubbing business comes to us from London, which it might be well, in the long run, for our aspiring clubbists to take to heart, though there is, we confess, no ground to

hope that they will. A policeman in the British metropolis told a man and his wife to "move on," and because they did not obey with as much alacrity as he thought proper, struck each of them severely with his truncheon. A magistrate sent him to prison for twenty-one days at hard labor for the performance, with the remark, "Constables have no right to touch any one on the street but for the purpose of taking them into custody." Oh, for just one such myrmidon of effete despotism in this land of liberty, as that magistrate.

## A School for the Ballet.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few years ago, quite within the memory of the present generation of play-goers, the terpsichorean art was virtually ignored on the boards of our theatres, and the ballet was an unknown institution. Two or three renowned European artists did, indeed, create an immense furore by the exhibition of their perfection in an art which had long held a by no means inferior rank in the theatrical profession in the great capitals of the nations across the water. Still the interest excited in it was but a brief one. Almost the only entertainment vouchsafed the public in that line was the solitary performance of a lone female in the accepted conventional and uniform costume supposed to be appropriate to the occasion, between the acts of the play or, perhaps, 'twixt a heavy tragedy and a roaring farce, at our legitimate theatres, a rather solemn bit of business, as we now recall it, which in our memory is accompanied by suggestions rather of the grotesque than otherwise.

Considerably within twenty years, however, the public taste has undergone so radical a change in this direction, and to such perfection and importance has the ballet been brought by its prominence and brilliant effect in the handsome spectacular pieces now so universally popular, like the "Black Crook," the "White Fawn," "Sardanapalus," and others, that it has become as firmly rooted and reputable a branch of the profession as in Europe. In most of the great capitals of the Old World, more particularly in Paris, schools for aspirants to terpsichorean proficiency, where the art is systematically taught, are and have been long extant. To the efficiency of such system is due the superiority which their graduates have long held over rivals who have not enjoyed similar advantages.

In this city a training school of this character, the first practical and systematic enterprise of the sort, we believe, in America, has recently been established by a lady who has won the highest honors of the profession in this country, as well as in her own and in the great cities of Europe generally.

A spirited picture of a scene in this school during the instruction of the young idea in the mysteries and enchantments of the fascinating art, which has been, not inaptly, described as the "poetry of motion," has been faithfully set forth by our artist on the front page of the current issue.

## Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week a portrait of Miss Lena G. French, one of the celebrated "French twin sisters," well and favorably known as song and dance and musical sketch artists. The sisters, Lena G. and Minnie A., were born in Lee, Mass., in March, 1862. Their father, Charles French, for many years conducted the only local paper in that section, but subsequently removed to this city. The first appearance of the sisters on the stage was at the Grand Opera House, on the evening of May 23rd, 1871, in the pantomime of the "Three Hunchbacks," they being then but little more than nine years of age. Of this debut the New York *Clyper* spoke as follows: "Two little misses, of six or seven summers, danced a hornpipe so well that they were recalled. Their names even were not announced." At the conclusion of this engagement they went to Hooley's Theatre, Brooklyn, as dancers and were afterwards engaged at Tony Pastor's Opera House in the Bowery, in January, 1872, where they first appeared in double song and dance business, being received with great favor. Since then they have played many successful engagements in the leading variety theatres in all parts of the country. Their specialties are musical sketches, duets, song and dance and fancy and jig dancing. They have given evidence of no little dramatic talent as well, Minnie having appeared with success as "Nan, the Good for Nothing," and Lena as "May Edwards," in the "Ticket of Leave Man."

The twins will be remembered as having successfully conducted a suit against Aberle, of the Tivoli, in the spring of 1878, in this city, who canceled their engagement at his place because they refused to be put upon the degrading service of the so-called "wine-room" after the legitimate service for which they were engaged was over, a step in which they were warmly supported by every one having a proper appreciation of the dignity of womanhood and the good name of the profession. The sisters are just in the flush of young womanhood, are pretty, graceful, arch and piquant in style and elegant dressers, a combination of qualities which has deservedly given them their great popularity with theatre-goers throughout the country.

## The Bauer-Muldoon Wrestling Match.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The long talked of Greco-Roman wrestling match between Thiebaut Bauer, the famous French wrestler, and Officer Muldoon, the champion police athlete, which has been looked forward to with eager interest by the admirers of athletic sports, having been interrupted some weeks since by Muldoon breaking his ankle while practicing for the match with a heavy-weight friend, came off at Gilmore's Garden, on the night of the 15th. A stubbornly contested struggle for the victory ensued, both men being in splendid condition and, apparently, evenly matched. Muldoon's tremendous strength compensating for whatever he

may have fallen short of in skill in comparison with his antagonist. The contest lasted for over two hours, during which, after superhuman efforts on the part of each athlete, Muldoon gained a fall. An hour later, after a struggle fully as desperate as the first round without either gaining a fall, Bauer announced that he was seriously sick and voluntarily retired, leaving the victory with the "solid man."

## The Pocasset Murderous Fanatics.

[With Portraits.]

Few crimes in this crime-cursed generation have caused such a universal thrill of horror and deep abhorrence as the revolting murder of his infant daughter by the Adventist fanatic, Charles F. Freeman, at Pocasset, Mass., on the evening of the first inst., with the consent and approval of his wife, under excuse of a real or pretended delusion that a revelation from heaven required him to make such a "sacrifice" to test his faith and advance the glory of his fanatical sect. A full account of the awful tragedy was given in our last.

The unnatural parents are still in jail at Barnstable, Mass., having been found guilty of homicide by the magistrate at Barnstable, on the 12th, and fully committed for trial. Freeman still professes to hold to his belief in the genuineness of the "revelation" demanding of him the "sacrifice" of his child, as justified by the Almighty, and announces that he will have an "astonishing revelation" to make on May 21st. His wife, however, has undergone a great change in her convictions. She is crushed by the growing conviction that she has been guilty of a crime. She has, in fact, completely broken down, and sits in her cell in an agony of grief bewailing the sad fate of her little daughter. She will talk to no one, and scarcely sleeps at all. It is believed that her mind will give way under the terrible strain, although she gives no indication of meditating suicide. Confined alone in the cell on the upper floor of the barn-like building, she has, since the first Sunday after the killing of Edith, wept constantly, day and night. She has tried to eat, believing that it was her duty to do so, but during her imprisonment she has eaten less than would make an ordinary meal. When the Sunday passed and her little girl was not resurrected, as she firmly believed she would be, Mrs. Freeman at once admitted that she and her husband had made an awful mistake, and with this acknowledgment the maternal instinct that pleaded so strongly in prayer that her child might be spared has returned. The seraphic look that was on her face when she was brought before the justice is gone. Her face has wasted, leaving her cheek-bones prominent, and both are bright with a hectic flush which indicates fever. Her otherwise white face and bloodless lips, and her great eyes that are red with weeping, her tottering step, and her inability to eat or sleep are regarded as indications that very soon the reserve nervous strength will be exhausted and that she will rapidly decline. Her love for the baby and her remorse have overshadowed her religious faith.

Portraits of the wretched parents are given elsewhere in this issue.

## An Infamous Crime.

[With Portraits.]

In Williamsport, Pa., on the night of the 29th of March last, a beautiful little girl, named Clara Henninger, eight years of age, was sent by her parents to execute an errand. While returning home she was seized by a man, a stranger to her at the time, who carried her to the rear of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad depot, near the river, where he committed an infamous outrage upon the helpless child. The little girl managed to reach her home when the horrible story was told, and efforts to capture the vile perpetrator were at once energetically begun. On the 7th of April one E. Hoffman Brookhart was arrested on suspicion, solely on account of his having been implicated in a similar act some three years before. Officers Pratt and Rook made the arrest, and, although at the time there appeared small ground for it, the fact of his prompt and positive identification by the little victim, who, out of about twenty men at once pointed to Brookhart, exclaiming, confidently, "Papa, that is the man," afforded sufficient evidence to hold him, and the trial on the charge was set down for the May term of court. Portraits of the accused and of the victim of this most diabolical crime appear on another page.

## John J. Dwyer, Heavy-Weight Champion.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week a capital portrait, in ring costume, of John J. Dwyer, whose encounter with, and astonishingly quick defeat of James E. Elliott, in the recent fight at Long Point Island, Canada, for \$2,000 and the heavy-weight championship of America, in twelve fiercely contested rounds, which were fought inside of fourteen minutes, is pronounced by men who have seen every fight of any consequence in this country for the past thirty years, the most desperate that has ever come under their notice. It is undoubtedly destined to remain forever memorable in the annals of the ring and has gained for Dwyer the indisputable distinction of being the hardest hitter in the world to-day.

## The Jardin Mabille Ball at Gilmore's.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the night of the 13th inst., a "summer night's festival" and fantastic masked ball, gotten up in imitation of the style of the famous Jardin Mabille, in Paris, was given at Gilmore's Garden, in this city. Though scarcely a brilliant success from any point of view, it presented some picturesque points which our artist has faithfully delineated in the illustration of prominent scenes and characters of the occasion given on another page.

One of the crack restaurants of Berlin, the proprietor of which has failed, reveals a creditor who has created a sensation by sending in his bill of 2,500 francs for "horse-flesh" supplied.



## A WOMAN'S WRATH.

How a Young Gallant Won the Heart of the Pretty Housekeeper of an Up-Town Hotel.

## A SLIP AND ITS RESULTS.

It Proves a Fatal One for Both Parties, Costing the Lady her Virtue and her Lover his Eyesight,

## BY THE ACT OF HIS ALLEGED VICTIM.

On the afternoon of the 12th a carriage was driven to the door of Essex Market police court. Two men alighted, one slowly and evidently with pain, and with his face bandaged up. A few moments later the witnesses, prisoners and spectators of the crowded court-room were startled by the appearance of the man as he was led between two others. He groaned at every step, and was hardly able, even with the assistance of his friends, to move forward. His hat was drawn tightly over his head, and the wide rim pulled down. A thick, heavy blue veil covered his face, and a large white cloth was wrapped around his neck in thick folds.

Justice Smith at once noticed the man, and directed Chief Clerk Benedict to attend to the case immediately.

Sidney Wood, a photographer of 354 Grand street, acted as spokesman. He said: "This is Joseph W. Taylor, of 30 Suffolk street, a brakeman on the New York elevated railroad. Last Saturday evening Kate McDonald, the housekeeper of the Astor Place Hotel, at 25 Third avenue, threw a bowl of vitriol in his face, and his physician

"THINKS THAT HE IS BLINDED FOR LIFE."

Taylor, who was very weak, and whose face was covered with sponges and bandages, leaving but the lower part of his face and mouth exposed, said, in a faint voice: "I ask for a warrant for the arrest of Kate McDonald. I don't know why she threw the vitriol at me. I believe it was through jealousy. I am too sick to say more."

Justice Smith ordered that Taylor be sent home, and signed a warrant for the woman's arrest. Officer Kiernan returned at four o'clock, accompanied by a well-dressed, lady-like looking woman.

Kate McDonald, upon raising her thick blue veil, revealed an attractive face and a pair of large, black flashing eyes. She was calm and self-possessed. She told Officer Kiernan that she had expected arrest, and although she could have escaped, she preferred to stand the consequences of what she had done.

Miss McDonald said to a reporter: "My parents live in Poughkeepsie. Eighteen months ago I obtained a situation in the Astor Place Hotel. A year ago I was made housekeeper, and have since filled that place. My acquaintance with Joe

BEGAN A LITTLE LESS THAN A YEAR AGO.

He was a boarder in the hotel, whom everybody liked. He was always cheerful and polite. I took little notice of him until one day an accident occurred to me. I was going down stairs and slipped. Joe was the first to come up to me and assist me. From that moment he paid me a great deal of attention. One night he called at my room, and we sat talking together. His father is a clergyman, in Pennsylvania, and he spoke on many subjects, which showed him to be a superior man.

"I got to like Joe, and was always glad to have him call on me. We finally became engaged, and under promise of marriage he betrayed me. He told me that he was not in a position to marry, but that he would be faithful to me. From last October until way in March he was idle. He did not earn a single penny, and was unable to pay even his own room rent. He one night told me he was starving; that was the first I knew of his being so poor. He was miserable, and cried like a child, and told me that everything was going against him. I went down stairs and cooked a supper for him, and made him as comfortable as I could. I had saved some money, for I thought if I married Joe I would have something set aside for him. I gave him some of my savings that night, and kept giving him money until he got to work on the elevated railroad.

"Joe was a quiet man, and I never suspected him until about two months ago. He had left the hotel, when one day a girl told me she had seen him

IN COMPANY WITH ANOTHER WOMAN.

The next I heard was about three weeks ago. Joe had told me that he was going to leave the city for some time, when I was told that he had got married. The day I heard this I fainted away, and was taken with convulsions. I was sick for several days, and my head has never been the same since. Sometimes I feel as I used to, then all of a sudden I become moody, and I cannot help it. I lose my temper and burst out crying. Joe called upon me about ten days ago. He was just the same as ever. When I told him what I had heard, he became very indignant. He asked me if I thought he could ever be false to me. He kissed me, and said, 'How could you ever think that I could ever love any other girl but you. I'll come and see you every evening, except Thursday, when my lodge of the Odd Fellows meet.' I believed Joe until last Friday, when I became convinced that he was married, and had deserted me. Friday night I was taken sick. I acted, so they say at the hotel, as if I was crazy. Joe had not been to see me for several days. He once told me that, when his train laid up, he generally called at noon, or thereabouts, upon his friend, Sid Wood, the photographer in Grand street. He had given me Mr. Wood's card. On Saturday I got excused, and, with a lady friend, called on Mr. Wood. I wanted to see Joe. I was a long time having my picture taken, and learned from the assistant that Joe, since he was married,

DID NOT COME THERE REGULARLY.

I asked, 'Is Mr. Taylor married?' The assistant replied, 'Yes. Why didn't you know that?' I remember that I left that store very quickly; that I went to three different drug-stores and asked for vitriol, but was refused. I don't know where I bought it.

"Joe Taylor called upon me Saturday night. I invited him to my room. He was as bright and gay as ever; he laughed at and joked me for looking so serious. I stood looking at him, hardly able to constrain myself. He came and sat down by my side, and tried to kiss me. 'Joe,' I said, 'you cannot love two women at the same time.' He sprang to his feet, and, white with rage, said, 'Hush, don't talk like that!' I then asked him where he lived. He would not tell me. I said, 'Joe, you have deceived me; you are married. Don't lie.' I then got up, and reached for the bowl containing the vitriol. When I came near him with it, he exclaimed, 'Here comes my poison!' The washwoman came in at that moment. I don't remember any more, for I fell in a fit. I am told that I threw the contents of the bowl at him. Yes, I would have shot him, but

"I COULD NOT SEE HIM DIE BEFORE ME."

Colonel Pike, the cashier of the Astor Place Hotel, said: "I have always taken an interest in the girl Kate McDonald. It was I who recommended her to Mr. Haskell, the proprietor of the hotel, as a proper person to occupy the position of house-keeper. She never made free with anybody, and was attentive to her duties. Joseph Taylor boarded in this hotel. He was a likely, pleasant fellow, whom everybody liked. Several months ago I noticed that Kate McDonald was smitten with Taylor. The night clerk, Mr. Gilroy, remarked once that Taylor had said enough to make him believe that they were engaged to be married. He said once that there had never been anything improper in his relations with her. There is no question that while Joe Taylor was idle Kate McDonald did lend him money. Joe, however, was an honorable man, and I have no doubt intended to repay her. She used to cook her own meals down-stairs, and, of course, if she wanted to, could have cooked the meals for Joe Taylor and taken them to her room. Kate McDonald is a girl I would always recommend as an honest, faithful, hard-working woman."

The accused was locked up in the Eldridge street police station pending an examination.

## An Alleged Victim and Her Disinterested Friend.

COLUMBUS, O., May 12.—Several occurrences have given unusual prominence to a north end scandal that some months ago caused no small amount of comment in this city. Ira H. Willson, a young man of twenty-four, son of Mr. Willson, of the firm of Ide & Willson, wholesale merchants on High street, was engaged to be married to Lillie C. Rakestraw, a young lady well known and heretofore well respected. Last fall she charged young Willson with accomplishing her ruin. Her charges were laid before the young man's family, who were at first disposed to use their endeavors to have him make reparation by marriage. They claim to have afterward come into possession of facts which justified them in changing their minds in regard to the marriage. Bastardy proceedings were next threatened. Young Willson was sent off until it should be determined whether or not the statements as to Miss Rakestraw's condition were true, but he did not get away until the girl had threatened to shoot him unless he married her. He came back some weeks ago and resumed his connection with his father's firm. Nothing further was said of the bastardy suit, and the time passed by without any result, so far as anyone knows, establishing the bastardy charge. In the meantime, the name of Mr. Strong, of the firm of Strong & Hughes, got mixed up in the scandal from the interest he manifested in having Willson marry the young lady, and the fact that he was engineering the affair between the two, and taking charge of Lillie's case, while at the same time she had a father and brothers who could have acted in her behalf.

The matter culminated to-day in a visit to Ide & Willson's place by Lillie, which is said to have been with the intention of shooting young Willson. The father of the young man told Lillie if she came again she would be ejected, and after persisting awhile in her demands to see her former lover, she left. Strong, in the meantime, kept watch on the opposite side of High street to await the result. However disinterested Mr. Strong's motives may have been as a mutual friend, he made a lamentable failure in the role, as his name has become connected with the affair, and to-night he got into an altercation with a brother of young Willson, which ended in a general fight between himself and partner, and continued until Willson's brother Ira and his father came to his aid. They were then separated by the by-standers, and warrants were issued for the Willsons, who gave bail and were released. The true inwardness can only be got at by a trial in the courts. It is said that George K. Nash, attorney, has advised her to drop the idea of instituting any legal proceedings.

## Sequel to a High-Toned Divorce Case.

At Newport, R. I., a letter was received from Paris signed "Eva Van Den Nest." It is inferred from this that Mrs. Eva Taylor Lawrence, the divorced wife of General Albert Gallatin Lawrence, has been married in Paris to Amadee Van Den Nest, formerly Secretary of the Belgian Legation at Washington, with whom Mrs. Lawrence eloped some time ago. The particulars of the elopement, of the harmless duel which followed in Belgium between the injured husband and Mr. Van Den Nest and of the divorce which was granted to the General by the Supreme Court of Rhode Island but a few weeks ago are familiar to newspaper readers.

An old Vermontier offered a widow \$1,000 to marry him, and she accepted; but, on seeing her daughter, he recanted, and offered \$2,000 for the younger woman. A breach-of-promise suit is the result.

## A LOVER'S BASENESS.

The Iniquitous Plot to Bring About her Ruin, Through a Mock Marriage, of Which a St. Louis Lady Charges a Wealthy Gentleman With Being the Author, Assisted by Equally Unscrupulous Confederates.

ST. LOUIS, May 7.—A case was called in the Circuit Court of St. Clair county, Illinois, at Belleville, before Judge Snyder, to-day, which promises to create considerable interest, not only in Belleville and St. Louis, but throughout the entire west, owing to the fact that the defendant is well known in nearly all of the western cities. A late grand jury returned an indictment against George P. Smith and Frank M. Johnson, charging them with conspiring to ruin a Miss Carrie N. Gatchell by getting up a mock marriage between the latter and the defendant first named. The case was set for trial to-day, and both Mr. Smith and Miss Gatchell were in attendance in Belleville, accompanied by their lawyers, to take care of their cases.

The defendant, George T. Smith, the only defendant who appeared, is the patentee of a middlings purifier, and was one of the interested parties in the recent middlings purifier litigation in this city, which created such a marked interest among the public generally and the milling firms particularly. He is rather a fine-looking man, about medium height, black mustache and goatee; is apparently about thirty-five years of age, and is reputed to be quite wealthy.

The prosecuting witness, Carrie N. Gatchell, is a young lady

OF DECIDEDLY PREPOSSESSING APPEARANCE.

She is a telegraph operator in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and has charge of the branch in the Wiles House, Broadway, in this city. She was attired in a suit of plain black, with turban to match, and there was an air of quiet neatness about her that spoke volumes in her favor. She was accompanied by her elder sister, Mrs. Shuster, with whom she resides. Miss Gatchell is apparently about twenty-two years of age, and is evidently in a delicate state of health. Her pale face wears the sad, weary expression that indicates mental suffering of the most devastating type; but it also bears indications of a determined spirit and a will power that are calculated to counteract to a marked extent the effects of grief. She said that she first met Mr. Smith at the telegraph college, 812 North Fourth street, in September, 1874, when she was introduced to him by the manager of the college. She was then employed in the office of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, but spent an hour or two each day at the college practicing, as she intended to make an effort to become an operator. She was then nineteen years of age, and her prospects in life were as fair as those of any young lady who had nothing but her own energy, backed by a spotless character, to secure her fortune. She said that from the time that Mr. Smith was first introduced to her he was exceedingly attentive to her, and expressed the most

PROFOUND SOLICITUDE FOR HER WELFARE.

He was as jealous of her reputation as he could have been of that of his own sister. He called at her mother's house, and always departed at an early hour, stating that he desired to be very circumspect in his relations with her, fearing that the neighbors might assail her reputation if he went to the house or was seen leaving it at unseemly hours. He said that he was not married, but had been divorced nine years, and had settled \$5,000 upon his wife. She said that she loved him devotedly after she had known him for some time, and freely accepted his statement regarding his former matrimonial relations as the truth. She said that he appeared to be devoted to her, and she, knowing that he was well situated financially, looked upon him as being a desirable husband. The mother and sister were also favorably impressed with him, and felt that Carrie was going to do well in marrying him. There was no date named for the ceremony, as he said his business was such that he could not tell exactly where he would go. He was then boarding at the Planter House, and some time during the winter he was taken sick. She went there and acted as his nurse until he became convalescent, giving him those little attentions which only a loving heart can suggest and

A WOMAN'S HAND CAN ADMINISTER.

In April, 1875, he told her that he had business in Belleville, and said that they might as well be married then and there as at any other time or place. She, full of confidence in him, entered into his plans, and, accompanied by a friend of her family named Fannie Wheeler, and a gentleman friend named Frank Johnson, they started for Belleville. There, on the 29th of April, she claims that she and Mr. Smith were married by a man who said that he was a clergyman, and claimed the name of Rev. S. L. Martin. She is satisfied now that the man who married them had no authority to do so, that the ceremony was a fraud and intended to place her in the complete power of the man who had sworn that he loved her. She knows now that if Mr. Smith had been legally married to her at the time he would have been guilty of bigamy, for he had a wife and two or three children residing in Jackson, Mich.

After the alleged ceremony in Belleville they returned to this city and occupied rooms at 703 Chestnut street, which Mr. Smith had previously engaged. She was supremely happy, and entered upon her matrimonial career full of hope and confidence in the happiness of the future. He seemed to love her devotedly, and the best affection of her being was

GIVEN UNRESERVEDLY TO HIM.

They arrived at their new home on Thursday, and on the following Tuesday he left her, saying that he was compelled to go to Chicago on business, and would be absent for about eight days. She afterward learned, however, that instead of going to Chicago he went to the Planter's Hotel, where he met his lawful wife, and the two remained there eight days, after which they left for Jackson, Mich. After this she saw Mr. Smith in St. Louis two or three times, and he made profuse promises to send her money. A child was born, which is now living.

The balance of Miss Gatchell's story is a long statement of negotiations between a lawyer named Sharp, in Jackson, and a lawyer named George W. Hall, in St. Louis, to secure her justice, the result of which was that Smith gave \$1,000 to square the frolic, and Miss Gatchell received only \$200 of it. She changed lawyers after this, and secured Mark S. Wolcott, of Jackson, and was advised to go before the grand jury of St. Clair county, Ill. She did so, and

THE INDICTMENT WAS FOUND.

Smith was arrested at Bloomington, where he resides. Smith's defense is that it is a blackmailing scheme. He does not deny the acquaintance with Miss Gatchell, but says he was made acquainted with her by Johnson, a gambler, and that the girl well knew he was married. He says there was never any ceremony performed, and claims that the charge was brought in the expectation that he would pay money to prevent a trial. Smith also makes statements reflecting on Miss Gatchell's character, and has several witnesses from St. Louis through whom he expects to show she was immoral. George W. Hall, the St. Louis lawyer who represented Miss Gatchell in the former negotiations, is now one of Smith's attorneys, and claims that Miss Gatchell was already the wife of one man at the time she claims the mock ceremony uniting her with Smith was performed. He says he abandoned her upon discovering her character.

## An English Love Tragedy.

It began in the old-fashioned way. Charles Gifford, sitting in the coffee-room of the "Swan," on the banks of the Thames, hearing a shriek from the river and looking out of the window, saw that a boat had overturned. Hurrying to his own skiff, he was in time to rescue a young lady who was sinking for the third time. She proved to be Miss Blanche Crossfield, the young and fair daughter of an old suburban family. This was the beginning of their love affair, and when it ripened into an engagement it was with the approval of the parents of both. But here the mystery comes in. The father of Miss Crossfield, for some unexplained reason, soon took a violent antipathy to Gifford and peremptorily forbade the marriage. The lovers, swearing to be true to each other, parted. Gifford went to the continent and Miss Crossfield immured herself in her home. Several months later, Gifford received from her father this short, strange note: "My daughter is dying, and you are the cause. If you ever wed Blanche my curse shall follow you both. Her, I have always disinherited." Soon after, he received the telegram from his own father, informing him that Crossfield had been thrown from his carriage and killed. He hastened back to England, and a few weeks ago sought an interview with his love. "What passed at that meeting," says our informant, "can only be conjectured from the sequel. If the lover implored to have his wishes put before those of a dead father, the answer must have been one of filial self-abnegation, so far, at least, as marriage was concerned. Two days later the tide of the Thames, near North Woolworth, cast their dead bodies ashore, 'wrapt in one another's arms and buried in a last embrace.' Their arms were bound together by cords of silk, that even painful death should not divide them; and in the girl's pocket-book was found written by herself on a card, that as, in this selfish world, they were forbidden to wed, she and her lover had agreed to throw themselves upon Infinite Mercy in the next."

## Uninvited Wedding Guests.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The revolver-carrying mania so prevalent in almost every section of the country, is by no means confined to the male sex. Several recent events prove that only can lovely woman so arm herself and make as practical use of the fashionable homicidal facility, on emergency, as the so-called sterner sex, but that the practice of carrying the revolving pistol, on general principles, is by no means a rare occurrence with the "girl of the period." In a recent issue of the *Hanover, Kan., Democrat*, we find a case in point which is detailed as follows:

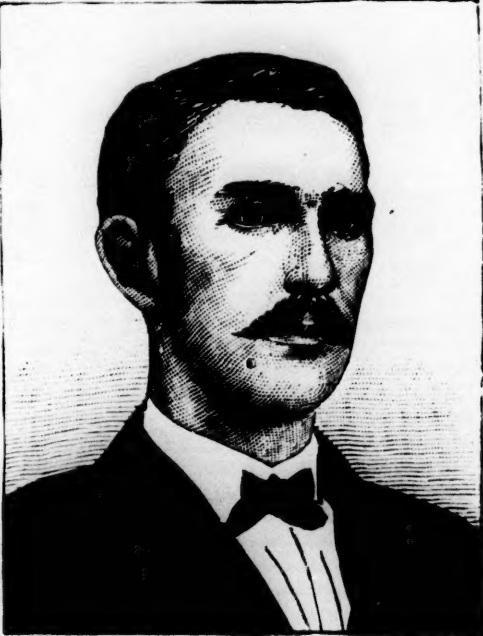
A week or so ago Miss Amanda J. Groom and Robert P. Maginness, who live a few miles from the town, out in Smith county, were married. Young Maginness took his bride to his father's house. About eleven o'clock, after all had retired, there was heard a loud bassoon upon tin-pans, the ringing of bells, the firing of pistols and terrible screech and howl of the horse-fiddle. It was a carnival party below the bridal-chamber. So far, so good. The elder Maginness invited the serenaders in and gave them some wine and cake. But the rough young men kept up their racket and at last burst into the bridal-chamber. Maginness did not stir, but the bride arose from the bed, took a revolver from the pocket of her dress and fired shot after shot into the crowd of young men who were slinking out at the door—much ashamed of themselves. Max Henry, one of three brothers in the serenading party, was shot through the abdomen and died at midnight. A justice was summoned, and Mrs. Maginness, now weeping pitifully, was held in \$600 bail for her appearance at court.

## Zekiel Bradley, an Executed Negro Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

We have already published an account of the execution of Zekiel Bradley, a sanguinary black, which took place at Bryan, Texas, on Friday, May 2nd, and in the current issue we give a portrait of the blood-thirsty African, who certainly deserves a high place in the innumerable ranks of fiendish criminals of his race who have adorned the pages of the records of crime since their release from the restraints of their ante-war condition. Bradley's last atrocity, for he was the hero of many, was the cold-blooded and totally unprovoked murder of a respected white farmer named John Pollock, who gave no further provocation to the murderous African than that of coming within pistol-shot of the latter while he was drunk, the only excuse attempted by the negro being that he was intoxicated and knew nothing of the matter or his reasons for it.





E. H. BROOKHART, CHARGED WITH OUTRAGING LITTLE CLARA HENNINGER, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

#### A Skipping Rope Test.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In Plymouth avenue, the other afternoon, says the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat*, a boy and girl held a rope across the sidewalk, and accosted every one with,

thing. He is bulky in form and short in wind, but when the inquiry came, "Wont you jump, sir?" he replied, "Of course I will," and forthwith spread himself in the air with an abandon that threatened to burst his coat, but which cleared the rope, to the infinite delight of the children. The next was the critical test. She was young and shapely, bright of face and stylish of apparel, and she had admired the aerial flight of her predecessors. It was her turn, and to the honor of the sex be it said, she did not shrink the responsibility. The trail was kicked up and firmly grasped, the body swayed for a moment in time with the rope, then a swing a flash of cardinal rose in the sunlight as she swept through the air with the greatest of ease, and she pursued her way without a misplaced ruffle to tell the story of her daring.

#### Negro Superstition.

One of the strangest and ghastliest freaks of superstition ever recorded was unexpectedly unearthed in South Baltimore on the 9th. One week previous Hercules Ross, a colored undertaker, received an order for a coffin. The order was from the family of Susan Smith, colored, who died early that morning. She was a large, heavy woman, between fifty and sixty years old. The coffin was made and taken to the house, where the dead body was laid out in a shroud. On Monday, 5th, the funeral was to have taken place, but as the day was rainy and miserable the body was not consigned to the grave, but temporarily placed in a vault in Sharp street cemetery. Here the remains remained for several days. Thursday the friends of the deceased woman again visited the cemetery, opened the vault, lifted the coffin from its resting place and bore it toward the grave. When the grave was reached the coffin was set down beside the grave, the lid torn from its position and the face of the dead exposed to view. Everything was in the same condi-

The lid was then replaced, the coffin lowered into the grave and the earth piled high upon it. This ceremony performed, the mourners left the graveyard, and retraced their steps homeward. The only witness to the burial, besides the mourners, was the guardian of the dead—Hill, the grave-digger. Mr. Hill says that through all his experience as a digger of graves nothing of this kind ever occurred before. Few words, he says, were spoken, and everything was conducted as deliberately as at a regular funeral. The relatives of the dead woman refused to give their reason for practicing such a weird and ghastly ceremony, and seemed determined to keep the matter to themselves. It was learned, however, that the whole family are extremely superstitious, and that their actions on more than one occasion have led their neighbors to talk about them and watch them suspiciously. Another rumor has it that the son of the dead woman was so wrought upon by superstition that he believes himself divinely commissioned to change the mode of burial. Others again say that it was the last request of the young man's mother. Whatever the explanation the fact remains that the body was turned over in the coffin. A great deal of excitement was created among the colored people in the vicinity of the occurrence.

#### Human Wolves.

A terrible murder with robbery has been lately reported from Ekaterinoslav, Russia. A soldier just returned from the theatre of war had gone to the village of Karnachowka. While there he had been asked to be god-father to a child about to be baptized. The Pope who performed the rite was a venerable man of about sixty years of age, and the soldier was so impressed with his devotional demeanor that at the conclusion of the ceremony he presented him with a gold piece as an *honorarium*. The unusual



CLARA HENNINGER, ALLEGED VICTIM OF A BRUTAL ASSAULT BY E. H. BROOKHART, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

watch an opportunity to rob the soldier. A few days later this latter set out on his journey homeward. He had to pass through a thick wood. This the conspirators had learned beforehand. They lay in wait for him, attacked him, felled him to the earth and literally gnawed his throat in the absence of wea-



THE EXPEDITION TO INDIAN TERRITORY, UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF COL. C. C. CARPENTER—HEADQUARTERS OF THE NEW PIONEER MOVEMENT TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE PROPOSED TERRITORY OF OKLAHOMA, IN THE DESIGNATED DOMAIN OF THE RED MAN; INDEPENDENCE, KAS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CORWIN.—SEE PAGE 5.]

"Wont you jump, sir, before you go past?" A gentleman settled his hat firmly on his head, looked around to see that no one was near, measured the distance with a practised eye, jumped the flying rope with all the ease and accuracy of youth, and then marched on with a smile on his face. Not far behind him was a popular Main street grocer, who observed the performance, and at once caught the humor of the

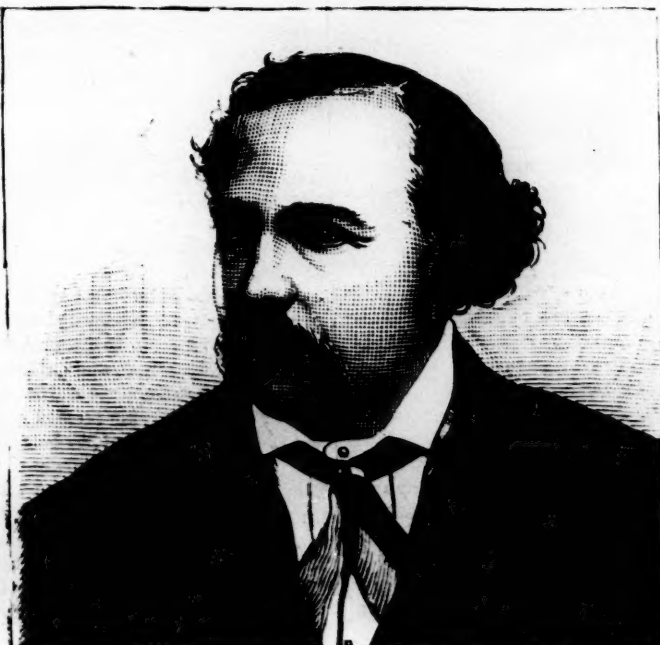
tion as arranged by the undertaker. All present then watched one of the sons of the dead woman slowly raise the body from the coffin and carefully turn it over, face downward. While all this was going on the friends and relatives of the dead kept their heads uncovered and mumbled and unintelligible prayer, interspersed with many strange motions of the body and certain charms which they held in their hands

value of the gift attracted the attention of the priest. He asked the soldier whether he had many similar pieces. The latter answered without reserve that he had been able to save his pay and had been otherwise fortunate, and that he had turned all into gold, which he carried with him. The cupidity of the priest was aroused. The better to secure his object he took his deacon into his confidence, and they resolved to

pons sufficiently homicidal. Having robbed him they left him by the wayside, convinced that he was dead or dying and could tell no tales. But some peasants coming up shortly afterward found the unfortunate man still living. They were so prompt and skillful in their attentions that he recovered consciousness and was able before his death to indicate clearly who were his assassins. They are in the hands of the police.



EDWARD PARR, HELD FOR THE ATROCIOUS MURDER OF HIS MARRIED DAUGHTER; PHILADELPHIA.



COL. C. C. CARPENTER, ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE OKLAHOMA COLONIZING EXPEDITION.—[Photo. by Corwin.]



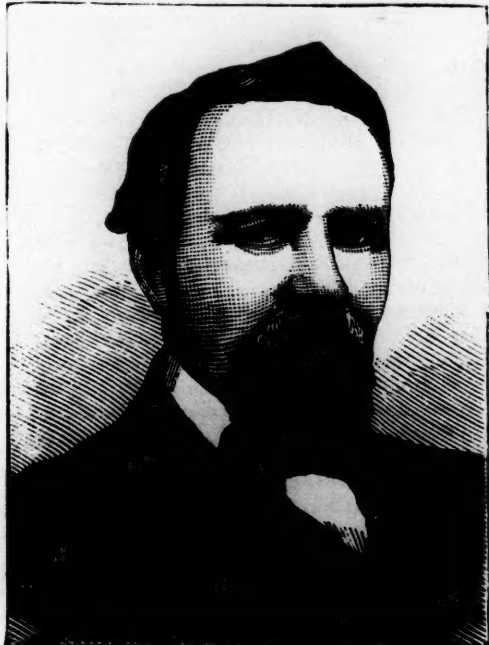
D. F. SULLIVAN, MURDERER OF HIS MISTRESS, MRS. JOSEPHINE IRVIN; PHILADELPHIA.



## The Oklahoma Colonizing Expedition.

[With Illustration and Portrait of Colonel Carpenter]  
[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

INDEPENDENCE, KAN., May 5.—The most recent exhibition of that indomitable spirit of adventure which has animated the white pioneers of our nation giving to humanity the grandest home it has ever known and redeemed to civilization a magnificent domain, comprising a vast continent, stretching from ocean to ocean, which a little more than two centuries ago was a barbarous wilderness, is the great colo-



THEODORE B. WEBER, MURDERED BY MRS. ADA ROBERT, HIS DISCARDED MISTRESS; CHICAGO.

nization movement, of which Independence, Kan., is the present center, and of which Oklahoma, in the Indian Territory, is the objective point.

The newspaper press of the day has been so full of the subject for some time past that it is unnecessary to enter into a history of the origin and progress of the scheme. In the west, especially in this section, it is the absorbing topic, and it is evident that it has attracted no little attention in every portion of our common country as one of the most extraordinary as well as

## CHARACTERISTICALLY AMERICAN PROJECTS

the country has ever witnessed, and one which, if no untoward aspect is assumed through the officious intermeddling of officials two thousand miles away from the locality and utterly ignorant of the real merits or bearings of the case, bids fair to bring about the most desirable results to the country at large, and but little if at all surpassed in wholesome effect upon our national prosperity and greatness by any similar outcropping of that spirit of indomitable enterprise which has marked the unprecedented march of our race from ocean to ocean on the face of our grand and mighty continent.

The organizer and leader of this great colonization project is Colonel C. C. Carpenter, and to him undoubtedly belongs a large share of whatever credit it may obtain. This city, as the most convenient point, has been made his headquarters and

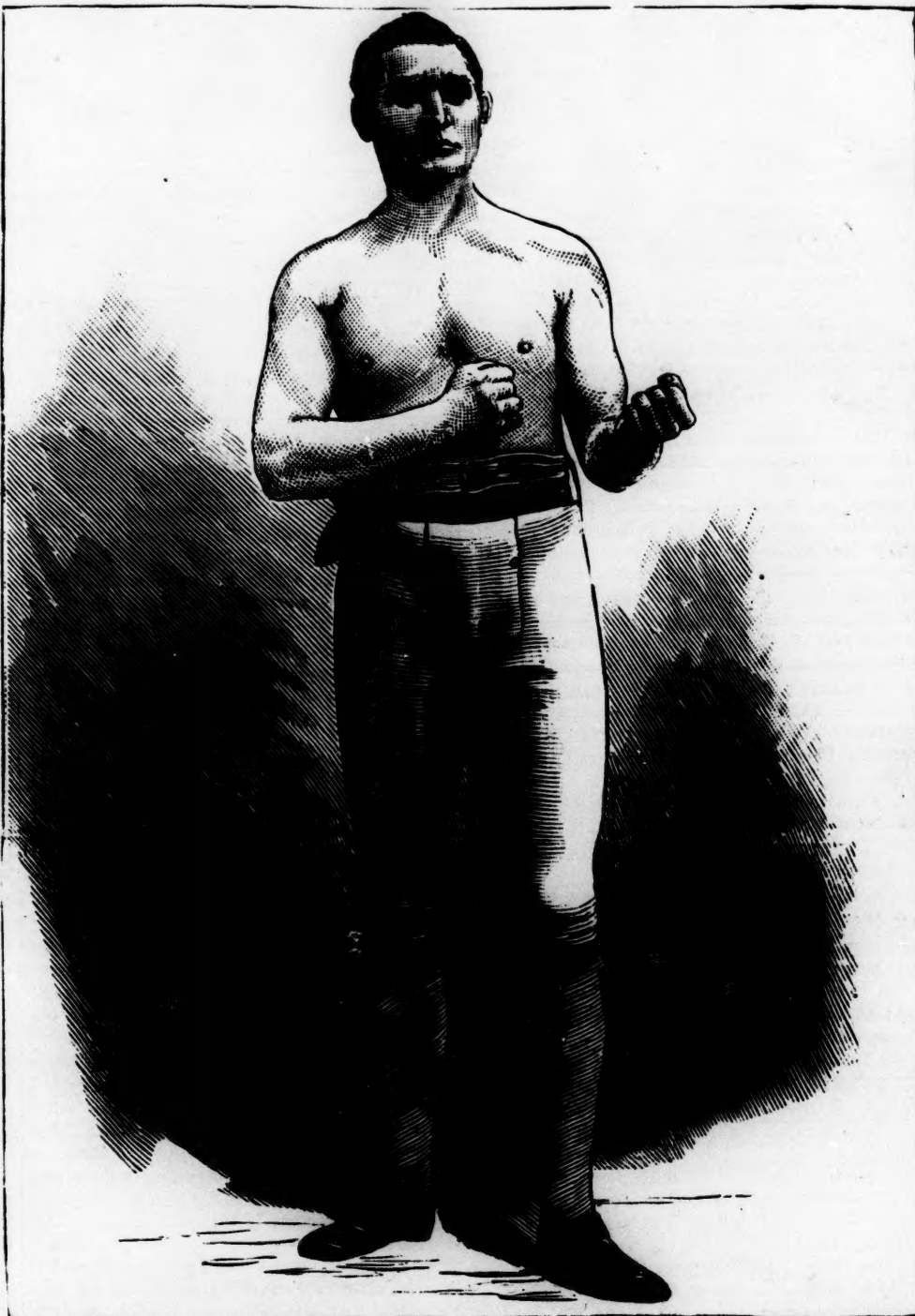
## THE GREAT OUTFITTING STATION

of the expedition. May 7th has been fixed as the date of his departure, by which time, it has already been estimated, at least twenty thousand persons will have joined his caravan, and, at the present writing, the figures appear to be no exaggeration if they even



ZEKE BRADLEY, HANGED AT BRYAN, TEX., MAY 2ND, FOR THE UNPROVOKED MURDER OF JOHN POLLOCK, A WHITE FARMER.

do not in reality prove short of the actual facts. At the head of this great peaceful army, Colonel Carpenter proposes to move forward into Indian Territory and, with his followers, to take possession of and settle upon the now unoccupied public lands lying within the proposed territory of Oklahoma. To this place Independence is the most accessible railroad point, for which reason it was selected as the temporary headquarters of the advancing colonists. It has, therefore, suddenly become an immense outfitting post, and, although it has always been considered one of the liveliest cities in the southwest,



JOHN J. DWYER, VICTOR IN THE FIGHT WITH JAMES E. ELLIOTT, FOR \$2,000 AND THE HEAVY WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA, AT LONG POINT, CANADA.—SEE PAGE 2.

## THIS BURST OF MIGRATION

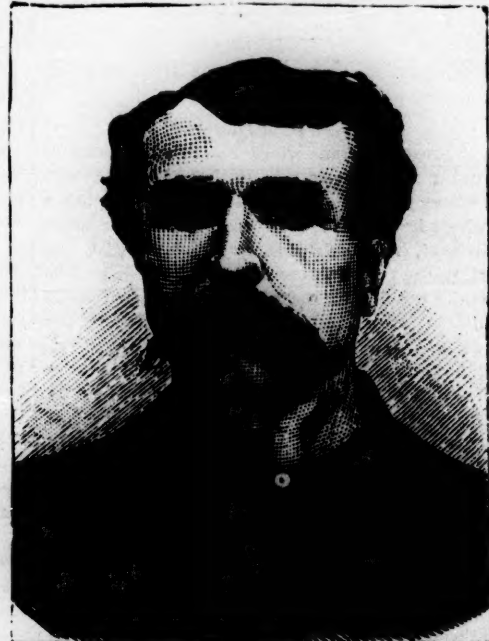
gives the business of the place an impetus which appears to those who witness it as one of the wonders of our time. The streets are a perfect jam from morning until late in the night. Colonel Carpenter is the lion of the hour, and is probably to-day, in this vicinity at least, the most popular man on the American continent. It may here be appropriately men-

tioned, in regard to the colonel's past history, that he first crossed the plains to Arizona and New Mexico with Fremont in 1855, and was a leading spirit in the organization of the "Lawrence Party," which went to Pike's Peak from Lawrence, Kansas, in 1858, it being the first to arrive in that country. He also, more recently, organized and headed the expedition to the Black Hills in 1875. He was well known among



GIRLS ON A BEAR HUNT—MISSES LIZZIE HALL AND HATTIE LOVEJOY PURSUE AND WOUND A DEPREDATING BRUIN, AT RUMFORD, ME.

military men of rank in the western department of the Federal army, during the war, and did some very efficient "secret service," being then known as Major Carpenter, Chief of the "Jesse Scouts." He has the "make-up" of a genuine frontiersman and "plainer," is a man who loves adventure, and seems a born organizer and leader of men in just such enterprises as that in which he is now engaged. The letters he receives daily, in regard to this new migratory movement, from persons in all parts of the country, can only be computed by bushels. With his energy, experience and fitness for



THOMAS ELLIS, INDICTED FOR THE MURDER OF DAVID O'NEIL; CHICAGO.

leadership on such occasions, as well as in view of his past record, it is quite safe to predict the entire success of this, his latest pet project.

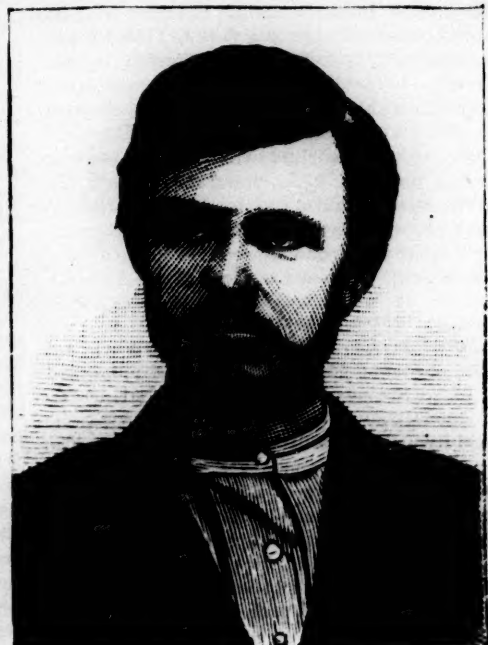
## Girls on a Bear Hunt.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few nights ago a bear carried off a sheep from the yard of James N. Hall, at Rumford, Me., and dragged it into a swamp near by. Miss Lizzie Hall, a daughter of Mr. H., and Miss Hattie Lovejoy took their male relatives' guns and started into the swamp on a little hunt. They were rewarded with a sight of and a shot at bruin, but the beast fled to the neighboring mountain. The young ladies could not pursue him, but several men followed his trail—the bear leaving blood on the snow—and caught him after a three hour's run. He weighed 310 pounds, and was served in Rumford soon after.

## A Labor Champion Missing.

Kingo Parks, who was arrested and prosecuted two or three years ago in Clearfield county, Pa., for participating in labor riots, has disappeared. He was sentenced to the penitentiary at that time, but was subsequently pardoned. He settled in Elizabeth, Allegheny county, Pa., and has recently been digging coal for the firm of Horner & Roberts, near that place. The miners there are digging for less than three cents a bushel, and there is, consequently, some dissatisfaction, as is evidenced by the fact that there is still a band of miners encamped near their mines, with a view of having the men strike for three cents. The conduct of Mr. Parks, who is known as an agitator, has excited the enmity of a great many of the miners,



JOHN I. WEST, MURDERER OF FRANK SHIN, A FELLOW TRAMP; HANGED AT BOONVILLE, MO., FOR HIS CRIME, MAY 16TH.

who consider that he has deserted them, and with this feeling working against him it is feared that he has fallen into unfriendly hands, and been roughly dealt with. He crossed over to West Elizabeth about five o'clock Sunday evening, 11th inst., saying that he was going to look for a flat belonging to him. He did not return through the night, which was considered strange, and friends who went in search of him were unable to find him. From his prolonged absence, coupled with the fact that threats have been made against his life, it is feared that he was murdered.



## FATAL FEMALE FOLLY.

Sad Tragedy, in Which a Handsome Young Woman Was the Victim of Her Own Lack of Discretion,

AND NOT OF MAN'S PERFDY.

Wedded to an Indulgent Husband Who Sends Her to the City to "See Life," Her Love of Flirtation

BRINGS HER TO RUIN AND DEATH.

[With Portrait of Sullivan.]

In our preceding issue we gave a brief account of the murder of Mrs. Josephine Irwin by Daniel F. Sullivan, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, with whom he had lived as his mistress for some months past, in Philadelphia, on Monday night, 5th instant, in the rooms where they had resided. The woman did not die immediately, but lingered until the following afternoon. Her statement before her death fully designated Sullivan as her murderer, although he had told a story that she had been shot in her room by a strange man, whom, it was evident, he wished to suggest was her husband, whom she had deserted some time before. It was certainly quite a coincidence that this poor woman bore the same name as that of the unfortunate victim of an infamous father's villainy, old Parr's daughter, an almost unparalleled crime, by which the city was again shocked on the following day. An examination into the circumstances of the case of Mrs. Irwin, above mentioned, has developed some curious circumstances that are worth relating. It appeared at first to be only the old story of a quarrel between a fast man and his mistress, terminating in a hasty pistol-shot, and the speedy

## DEATH OF THE UNFORTUNATE WOMAN.

This seems to be about all there was of the matter at first, and the case seemed a very simple one. The coroner's inquest, however, developed a curious phase of this case, and has involved in an unusual way the name of a man who has played a prominent part in the criminal courts of Philadelphia, in recent years, and the murder now becomes one of the mysterious crimes of the day.

The person in question is Dr. William C. Harbison, a professional physician. He had been but four days a released convict out of state prison, when he turns up at the bed-side of the dying mistress of a jealous lover, under an assumed name, and coincident with the disappearance of the diamonds and paper belonging to the murdered woman. Harbison's strange conduct in insisting that the coroner should not be sent for to take an ante-mortem statement, declaring that the woman would not die, when he must have known to the contrary; his warnings to the colored servants in the house to say nothing about the case, as there was "money in it" for them, promising them diamonds and silk dresses if they obeyed, and his queer actions generally have aroused a great interest in the

## CIRCUMSTANCES OF JOSEPHINE IRWIN'S DEATH.

The presence of Dr. Harbison and his singular behavior was regarded so suspiciously by the coroner's jury that he was promptly declared in their verdict an accessory to the murder by neglecting to inform the police officials of the dying woman's condition. He was accordingly sent to prison again on the 8th, in company with young Sullivan, the man with whom Josephine Irwin had been living as a wife in the room where she was killed.

In the meantime something has been discovered as to the antecedents of the murdered woman. It appears that she was married, and that her name was Mrs. Josephine Irwin or Irvin. She came from Oil City about six months ago on a visit to Philadelphia, parting pleasantly from her husband and preceding him there to stop with some friends and to see something of the sights. She was young and fond of society, and her husband was to take her back home when he came to Philadelphia on business. While at a boarding-house on Race street, above Tenth, she sent to her husband in Oil City for \$50. He sent that sum, and two weeks later \$25, telling his wife when he sent the last amount to either come home or stay in the city until he came, as she had come for the purpose of

## SEEING LIFE IN THE CITY.

Her husband went to Philadelphia in due time. On his arrival he found where his wife was stopping, and went there. She was not in at the time, but, accompanied by Sullivan, soon made her appearance. She was then living with Sullivan as his mistress. The sight that met the husband's eyes was not an agreeable one, it may be imagined. Mrs. Irvin, on bended knees, begged his forgiveness, and promised to return with him to Oil City. But the same evening she went away with Sullivan, it is supposed, to 218 South Eighth street. Her husband returned home, leaving her to her fate, never for a moment thinking it would fall so soon upon her. It is said her husband was well to do, and indulged his wife in every wish, but her weakness for society and inordinate love of flirting was the cause of many a quarrel. It was her love for society that induced her to go to Philadelphia for a few months to see life, and how it ended is well known.

Dr. Harbison's connection with the case is THE MYSTERIOUS PART OF IT.

He says that he happened to be passing by on Eighth street and heard some one say that a woman had been shot and a physician was wanted. He says that he at once went up-stairs and took charge of the case. He denied that he introduced himself as Dr. Pennington, a young physician who arrived there first under a false name, and denies all the declarations of the servants about the necessity of saying nothing about the crime. Of course he denies taking the diamonds or

papers. At the same time other witnesses swear positively that the diamonds were gone and that Harbison did tell the two colored girls that there was money for them if they kept quiet. Young Dr. Pennington says he gave way to Dr. Harbison because he was an older man, and when he bustled in and said he would take charge of the patient in a dictatorial way the overawed young man thought it was all right and gave way. He insisted the young woman would recover, and would not allow him

## TO INFORM THE CORONER.

Next day, when Pennington called to ask after the patient, Harbison told him she was getting along nicely, so it was alleged, when, in fact, the woman was then just at her last gasp, if not already dead.

The evidence against Harbison is only circumstantial as yet, but the bad record of the man and the number of times he has been "in trouble," as the detectives say, renders his presence in the case very suspicious.

Dr. William C. Harbison is an elderly man, tall, well built and of very fascinating manners. He is a handsome man, always dressed with great care, and impresses a stranger as a perfect gentleman and a learned physician. He is said by the police to be very cunning, and although suspected of being an abortionist, for a long time managed to keep out of the clutches of the law. He first appeared before the courts in the character of plaintiff in a breach of promise case, suing a young lady of wealth whom he had captivated for \$100,000 damages for breaking her engagement to marry him, when she learned something about him which caused her to alter her opinion as to his desirability as a husband. Dr. Harbison, however, did not get the money, as the suit was abandoned. Since then the doctor has been many times in court, when instead of being the plaintiff he was obliged to act as defendant.

## Speedy Vengeance on a Murderer.

[Subject of Illustration.]

SIDNEY, Neb., May 11.—At one o'clock Saturday morning Henry Loomis, a respected citizen of this place, was mortally wounded with a Colt's revolver in the hands of Charles Reed, alias Douglass. The wounded man was at once conveyed to the hospital at the barracks, where all that was possible was done to alleviate his sufferings. The ball passed through his thigh, which necessitated amputation, the bone being broken. Notwithstanding the best medical attendance the young man died at five o'clock this afternoon.

Reed escaped to the bluffs north of the town, where, after a vigorous search by a number of officers, he was captured and incarcerated in jail. Public indignation was at its height and serious threats were made of lynching him. Sheriff Zweifel placed a guard over him, but to no purpose, as last night at eleven o'clock about four hundred people surrounded the jail and demanded the prisoner. The guards were overpowered and the sheriff compelled to surrender the keys of the jail. Reed was then marched up to Front street and a rope was placed around his neck. A ladder was procured and the rope was thrown over the telegraph pole on the south side of the up track and nearly opposite the Lockwood House. Reed stepped up the ladder bravely, and when asked what he had to say, replied:

"Goode-by, gentlemen."

He at once jumped off the ladder into eternity, amid shouts of "Loomis is avenged," and the firing of revolvers.

The mob then dispersed. Nearly every one here is satisfied with this action. The men all wore masks, and no conversation passed between them. This is the same Reed who created a *furore* in Omaha several months ago on account of committing a murder in Texas.

## John I. West, Condemned Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

On the night of October 6th, last, two tramps, named Frank Shin and John I. West, went into an old unoccupied log-house situated in a corn-field, near Pilot Grove, Cooper county, Mo., to find quarters for the night. The following morning the dead body of Shin was discovered in the house by two young men who were engaged in gathering corn in the field. One of them went into the building to light his pipe, when his attention was attracted by a vest hanging on a nail, and, looking further, he found fresh blood on the floor. Further search revealed the body of Shin, who had been murdered by his companion, concealed under the floor in the middle of the room. A thirty-pound rock, covered with blood, was found in the fire-place, where an effort had been made to obliterate the blood-stains by burning. This, with the condition of the dead man's head, which was mashed in from the effects of heavy blows, told the story of the crime. West was afterwards arrested and convicted of it on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced to be hanged in Booneville, Mo., on May 16th, 1879. The case was taken to the supreme court of the state, which confirmed the decision. West subsequently confessed to having killed Shin while he was asleep in the house that night by crushing his head in with the rock which was found there. He intimated in his confession that he was instigated by a desire to obtain possession of a small sum of money which Shin had about him. West's portrait is given elsewhere.

## The Weber Tragedy.

[With Portrait.]

On another page on this issue we give an excellent portrait of Theodore B. Weber, the Chicago merchant, who was fatally shot by Mrs. Ada Robert, his discarded mistress, who claimed that he had ruined her by force some sixteen or seventeen years ago, and who, after he had abandoned her, appears to have followed him up with the most ingenious persistence ever since, persecuting and blackmailing him, it is alleged, until it became so unendurable that he finally determined to submit to the exposure of a legal trial, when she took his life with a revolver in the office of his attorney, as detailed in our preceding issue.

## A CROOKED COUNT.

Bold and Successful Swindling Operations, in the Far West, of an Accomplished Rogue Calling Himself the Count Di Conti, Who Selected his Victims Among Officers, Priests, and Persons of Station Generally.

CHEYENNE, WY., May 1.—There arrived in our city a few days ago, as a prisoner, the "Count Di Conti," one of the most accomplished and successful swindlers that have ever afflicted the western frontier. Early in last December a well-dressed military man, rather *distingue* in appearance, attended mass in St. Mary's (Catholic) Church in this city. After the services he sought an introduction to the pastor, the Rev. Father Hays, and was introduced to him as J. L. Conti, veterinary surgeon of the Third United States Cavalry, and as being a visitor from Fort Laramie, a Government post some ninety-three miles north of this city. He said that he was one of the Commissioners of the Italian Government to the Centennial Exhibition; that he was a captain in the regular Italian army and a devout Catholic. Having worked his way successfully into the confidence of Father Hays, Di Conti returned to Fort Laramie, where he finished his scheme of deception.

## SO FAR AS THAT POST WAS CONCERNED.

It seems that Di Conti had been enlisted into the military service of the United States as a private, but by his good deportment and education, soon worked his way out of the ranks to the position of veterinary surgeon of the Third Cavalry. He represented to the commanding officer, Colonel Evans, that he had been an officer of rank in the Italian army, and now that he had gained a position in the regiment he desired quarters more suitable to his taste, as he would soon be joined by his wife, the sister of the Adjutant-General of the United States Army. Quarters were assigned to him, according to his request, and he purchased furniture of those officers who had furniture to sell, giving his note in payment. After borrowing sundry sums of money, Di Conti returned to Cheyenne, ostensibly to meet his wife. He again called upon Father Hays. This time he was in great trouble. He said that he had a wife lying sick in the Sherman House, Chicago, and that she was on her way to join him in Cheyenne. He read to Father Hays a dispatch, as follows:

"CHICAGO, December 12, 1878.

"DEAR HUSBAND: Am very sick, but am getting better. Have not received any money. What is the matter?"

ELLA."

Di Conti explained that he had sent the money, and his wife was, no doubt, then on her way to Cheyenne. Shortly afterward he appeared at the residence of the priest with another dispatch:

"CHICAGO, December 13, 1878.

"DEAR HUSBAND: Was ready to start, but have suffered a relapse, and am very ill.

ELLA."

Di Conti wrung his hands and

## WEPT FLOODS OF TEARS.

He craved religious consolation under his afflictions and received it. His sick wife in Chicago was a myth. His telegraphic dispatches were written by himself at the Cheyenne railroad depot, were transcribed by a colored telegraph boy and were delivered to the count at the Inter-Ocean Hotel, the colored boy receiving fifty cents for each dispatch. In the meantime Di Conti had made a proposition to a handsome court-courier to personate his wife. She was to accompany him to the priest's house as his invalid wife from Chicago and go from there to Fort Laramie; there to ingratiate herself into the good will and confidence of the officers and enter into a scheme of blackmailing. So well did the Italian rascal succeed in his scheme that Father Hays prepared for the reception of the invalid wife, the devout Roman Catholic who objected to mingling with rough and wicked people at the hotels. The latest delicacies of the season were prepared by Father Hays for the expected arrival, and the grief-stricken husband seemed to be partly consoled. The count called on the woman who was to personate his wife on the day appointed for the arrival of the invalid from Chicago, but it is said she revolted at the proposal of deception, and

## KICKED THE RASCAL OUT OF DOORS.

This would have discouraged any ordinary rascal, but not so with Di Conti. He went at once to the depot, sought his colored amanuensis, and wrote this dispatch:

"CHICAGO, Dec. 15, 1878.

"DEAR HUSBAND: I am dying; come at once. Your

ELLA."

Armed with this startling dispatch, and accompanied by Captain Bock, veterinary surgeon of the Fifth Cavalry (who also fell a victim to Di Conti's well-laid scheme), he sought Father Hays and begged him to aid him to go at once to his wife. He pleaded, begged and cried. Father Hays reluctantly opened the church fund and gave the impostor \$50, and he departed to seek the bed-side of his dying wife. Several weeks afterward Father Hays became anxious, not having heard anything directly or indirectly from Di Conti. He sought Dr. Bock, of the Fifth Cavalry, and to him imparted his suspicions that Di Conti was a fraud. The doctor agreed with him, and mentioned to him the fact that he had also loaned him \$125. A letter was sent to Fort Laramie to make inquiries, and proceedings were taken to seize the furniture, &c., which Di Conti had purchased in Cheyenne and Fort Laramie; but

## IT WAS TOO LATE.

Investigation proved that Di Conti had swindled many persons in like manner, and had got away with his gains. The victims are officers and enlisted men of the Third and Fifth regiments of cavalry, the post trader at Fort Laramie, furniture and liquor dealers of this city, hotel keepers, &c. Some of the officers sent their valuable gold watches with Di Conti to have them repaired in this city, and they, too, are missing. He disappeared with from \$2,000 to \$2,500 borrowed money.

A short time ago information was received that a man answering the description of Di Conti had sought refuge in the Sisters' Hospital at Omaha, Neb. He was an Italian count, a veterinary surgeon, awaiting

appointment by the Government to duty on the Pacific coast. An officer was at once sent around with the proper papers to make the arrest. He met the false count and recognized him at once. The rascal made no defense.

## Curious Bastardy Case.

TOLEDO, Ohio, May 12.—One of the most remarkable cases of scan. mag. ever occurring in Toledo was ended to-day in the probate court in a habeas corpus action. About a year ago it was rumored that a nobby young fellow named Nick Wyck was in trouble with a girl of alleged easy virtue, who went by the name of Sarah Brown, which is undoubtedly a fictitious name. After a little while there was the astounding story in circulation that Sarah had brought forth an heir to the Wyck patrimony, although not protected by any marriage. Still Miss Brown seemed to regard the obligations of the father to provide for the child as very clear, and she accordingly informed him he must do so. Wyck, however, seemed to think he ought to know as much about the merits of the case as did Miss Brown, and insisted to his friends that he was not the father of the child. Thereupon Miss Brown entered suit for bastardy, when Wyck's brother, to keep the scandal from coming out, told his brother the case was plainly against him, and he must pay up; so he yielded, and for a year has been contributing money regularly to the child's support.

A few days ago a young lady calling herself Lina Rivers arrived here from St. Thomas, Canada, and going to the place where the child was kept astounded everybody by claiming the babe and denouncing its pretended parentage as a fraud. The matter ended in the habeas corpus case to-day, when the following facts were elicited in testimony: Miss Rivers testified that, having fallen into mischief in her own place, she came here and sought seclusion in the lying in hospital at the county infirmary. On the 21st of May her child, the one in dispute, was born, she describing all the circumstances, which were corroborated by competent testimony. She states that about that time Miss Brown, the other claimant to the child, appeared at the institution in quest of an infant child, as she said, for adoption, as her husband, a butcher, wanted her to procure a child. She found one newly-born, and took it away, but returned, saying it would not do, as its hair was black and her husband's was light. Wyck has light hair. Then, immediately after her child was born, Miss Brown obtained it and took it away. Another witness detailed the sham confinement of Miss Brown, which lasted some two hours, she said, when Wyck was sent for to come and see his offspring, but refused to do so. Miss Brown did not appear, fearing arrest for perjury in the bastardy action.

Judge Sherwood restored the child to Miss Rivers, who departs for her former home, where she is to marry a well-to-do gentleman.

## An Alleged Infamous Conspiracy.

BALTIMORE, May 14.—Mrs. Phoebe Small, a resident of the west end, is held for examination to-morrow, at the Western police station, on the serious allegation of enticing Ida Collett, not quite fifteen years of age, from her home for immoral purposes. The case has excited much interest, as the parties involved have hitherto borne excellent characters. Mrs. Small is a handsome woman of twenty-five. She is a brunette, rather tall, graceful, and of fine physique. Her husband, a well-known citizen, is not in Baltimore, having left recently on a business tour. Mrs. Collett was a neighbor of Mrs. Small, and her daughter Ida, a well-grown and pretty girl, was a frequent visitor at the latter's residence during Mr. Small's absence. Recently Mrs. Collett's suspicions were excited, and upon an investigation she discovered that her daughter was *en route*, and that an attempt at malpractice had been made. Mrs. Small denies having any knowledge of the girl's intimacy with men in her house, but says that she introduced her to a Dr. Pierce, a friend of hers, who was an occasional visitor there, but was not aware that he paid her any further attention. The girl accuses Dr. Pierce of accomplishing her ruin, and that Mrs. Small accompanied her to a house of questionable character, introduced her to a gentleman there, and then withdrew. Mrs. Small will have a hearing to-morrow.

## Thomas Ellis, Murderer of David O'Neil.

[With Portrait.]

On the evening of February 25th last, about half past six o'clock, David O'Neil, yard-master of the N. W. railroad, was standing at the crossing of North Desplains and Erie streets, Chicago, when Thomas Ellis, switch engineer, came up behind and fired two shots at him. One of the bullets penetrated O'Neil's shoulder and the other entered the unfortunate man's back—the latter wound proving fatal. O'Neil died from the effects of it two weeks later. Detectives Schaack and Whalen arrested Ellis at eleven o'clock the same night. An old grudge between the two men was the cause of Ellis's murderous attack, although O'Neil had the reputation of being a good sort of a fellow and of peaceable disposition. Ellis is now in the county jail in Chicago, a true bill having been found against him by the grand jury. He is thirty-five years of age, was born in Scotland, has lived in Chicago about eighteen years, is married and has a family. He is a poor man, and will doubtless hang for his crime, as he deserves. The night of the murder the officers brought Ellis to the bed-side of O'Neil who pointed his finger at him and said, "That is the man who shot me." His ante-mortem statement was also taken in which he accused Ellis of the shooting. A portrait of Ellis appears on another page.

A monstrous California ranch, in Tehama county, owned and operated by John Finnell, contains nineteen thousand acres of rich bottom, with a front of sixteen miles on the Sacramento. He has ninety-seven teams at work, six horses in a team. Besides, he has a supplemental field of sixteen thousand acres elsewhere, under a lease, which is now covered with a luxuriant crop of wheat.



# CHINESE COURTESANS.

A Glimpse at Some of the Beauties of Celestial Civilization Introduced by the Mongolians of California.

A PICTURE OF DEGRADATION,

Exhibiting in Vivid Colors the Depravity of the Denizens of a Chinese Quarter, and a Revelation of Evils

THAT SAP THE MORALS OF YOUTH.

While the opium habit is one that should be treated at once with wisdom and severity, there is another subject, says Charles Warren Stoddard, in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which concerns us more seriously than any other which the Chinese question involves. We may throw obstacles in the way of immigration; we may gradually freeze out the tropical Mongolian; we may set sentinels at the doors of the opium dens and guard the outposts of the coolie quarters, but it is too late to give subtlety to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion. Nineteen-twentieths of the Chinese women in San Francisco are depraved. Some are the purchased concubines of the wealthy Chinese, who have paid from one hundred to a thousand dollars for each one. If he wearies of her he sells her to some second-hand purchaser and replenishes his harem. Probably the discarded woman descends at once to promiscuous traffic. Yet even here she is still a slave; and what a slavery is this in

THE HOUSE THAT INCLINETH UNTO DEATH. Come down this dingy lane; see the rows of small sliding panels that open and shut continually, while the inmates watch you with the temerity of squirrels. Perhaps these are flattering words that salute us on every hand, but only he who is absolutely void of understanding will be likely to eat of her bread; yet there are souls who do it and die. See the youths who hang about these casements; they are already stung with a poison that has permeated their system; and the men, white and black, tottering wrecks without strength to creep a little way from the horrible fate that hourly threatens them. Disease and death are their portion—they wallow in it. What allures them? Look within this house of joy. Small cells, dingy, bare, uninviting. Here sit your sirens and await their prey—ill-shapen, unhandsome, unwholesome creatures, with the high cheek-bones that harden their faces and your hearts; thin, slanting eyes, glassy and expressionless; sensual, low-bred mouths, and noses that are

NOTORIOUSLY UGLY. Over all this inhumanous aggregation lies the paint an inch thick, and in all cases applied in opposition to every rule of art and nature. There she is; yet, strange as it may appear, many strong men have been slain by her. What is her kiss worth, mixed with the breath of the besotted patrons of this inexpensive brothel. Her bed has no coverings of tapestry, no carved works, no fine linen of Egypt; myrrh, aloes and cinnamon perfume it not. It is surrounded by squalid poverty and vermin and unsavory airs. Here are rows of cells, separated from a narrow passage by flapping curtains; there is no privacy, no comfort, no temptation. Bestial passion alone can drive a man to this extreme. Yet how many are driven! See them lurking in the dim light of the lane; degraded, besotted outcasts, more to be pitied than the inmates of these sickening cells, for the latter have knowledge of no other life than this—probably have no desire beyond it. The professional cyprian is brought from China under the coolie system, and sold or hired out for a term of years. She is looked upon as so much merchandise, and there is

ALWAYS A DEMAND IN THE MARKET. She is indentured, completely at the mercy of her master, who is not infrequently merciless; if she fails to ply her art creditably she is cruelly beaten; when she has succumbed to the disease that taints them all, she is cast forth to die miserably and alone. Until that hour her case is less pitiful than surprising. She is usually a voluntary party to the contract by which she is bound for a term of years. She is shameless. She regards her calling as legitimate, commendable, necessary. She is so cunningly involved in her bond, that, having once passed into slavery, there is little hope of her ever regaining her liberty. Read this contract, a literal translation found in the possession of one of the singularly few reclaimed women:

"For the consideration of \$600, Ah Ho promises to prostitute her body for the term of four years. If in that time she is sick one day, two weeks are added to her time; and if more than one day, a month of additional time is added. She is free at the end of four years. But if she runs away and is recovered,

"SHE IS A SLAVE FOR LIFE." What is almost the inevitable consequence? Confederates tempt the girl away for a few days and then spring the trap upon her; she is, of course, retaken, and is a slave for life. Marriage alone can redeem her from this perpetual bondage, and the chances are that such a marriage would be scarcely an improvement on her former life. In two or three cases Chinamen have succeeded in marrying white women, or women more or less white. White men are said to occasionally visit the "Queen's room"—the slave market where the fresh arrivals are disposed of—and carry off a young girl purchased at a high figure for "house-keeper or as chambermaid." That life, while it lasts, is doubtless an improvement on the inevitable fate that awaits every wretched woman on the shady side of the Chinese quarter. Shall I ever forget the sight that greeted us one night in our explorations? Brought to a standstill in a blind alley, so narrow that we were treading it Indian file, our leader came to a door that was boarded and nailed up as if to withstand the siege of an enemy. This was enough to

arouse suspicion; he beat on the wall and awaited a response; it came—a faint moan, sharp with agony.

BURDENED WITH DESPAIR. We demanded admittance and were amiably repulsed by an old woman, the ogress of the establishment adjoining; she assured us that there was nothing within that could in the slightest degree interest or amuse us. We forced the door! Hideous spectacle! In a small chamber, reeking with filth, the odor of which was almost overpowering, we saw a creature that had once the semblance of a woman, but whose almost naked body was ulcerous and distorted beyond recognition; she crept toward us with a look of gratitude, as if the very sight of a human face was to her like sunshine in her living tomb, heaven knows how long this miserable creature had been buried there; what food she had passed to her through a small aperture; she saw no one; probably never exchanged a single syllable with any one; she was banished as accursed, and left to perish. Yet die she could not, though there was not a sound fiber in her body and even her joints seemed held together only by means of corrupting flesh. How many healthy bodies, think you, had she tainted before her poisonous blood had laid her on this bare floor. Not far from this chamber-house we intruded upon a domestic hearth,

SMELLING OF PUNK AND PESTILENCE. A child, looking like a round idol, fled at our approach with the shrill, sweet scream of infancy; the smiling mother apologized and pursued her offspring on a pair of scow shoes with the inevitable flush-decks. With a courteous acquiescence for which we are notorious we brought up the rear.

"It is the cheerful hospital," said our special, with an inspiring smile. "We had nine cases of small-pox just here and nobody to look after them."

"Let the dead bury the dead," thought I, wondering which of the holy scriptures suggested the brilliant scheme. At this moment we came to an obstruction and a halt; a body lay upon a bench across our path; it was of that peculiar smoke-color which we are obliged to accept as Chinese pallor; it was swathed like a mummy in folds of filthy rags; it was motionless as stone, apparently insensible.

"What is it?" we asked. "O, he sick; John, by'n by he go; welly good!" It was opium, if we are to accept the verdict of the beaming matron, who had by this time captured her kid and

TAMED IT WITH A LULLABY. "And what is this?" We passed into a room adjoining. A huge deal burial case stood upon two stools; tapers were flickering on the floor; the fumes of burning punk freighted the air and clouded the vision; the place looked clean enough, but uninviting.

"O, he go; John, welly good!" Spoke the fond matron of the hospital, and pointed to another room, where we saw a second burial-case, an empty one with the lid standing against the wall. "And this?" Our eyes asked the question. Her merry voice made answer, "O, all a same other fellow; by and by he go; good, welly good, John!" It is well; it is extremely well that this sort of thing does not and cannot go on forever. These are the coolies at home; these are Chinese interiors deluged with lime-light. Come with me into the next street. We are just on the edge of the quarter. Here are Chinese shops; there is a chop-house, Portuguese or Mexican; yonder an Italian wine-cellar. Society is rather mixed in this vicinity. There you have it. These are some of the lights and shadows of the Chinese quarter. These shadows you cannot escape, even with your eyes shut. For the lights, I beg to refer you to the butcher.

## What Her Stockings Were Made Of.

The *Tokio (Japan) Times* tells the following: The prettiest and daintiest of Japanese belles now in Europe was recently discovered in partial dishabille by some lady visitors, who were captivated by the effect of the neat and close-fitting tabi upon her tiny feet, and pronounced them, after leaving, just too awfully nice for anything, while the contrast between the snowy whiteness of the linen sandals and the peculiar, delicate tint of the stockings beneath was perfectly splendid! They easily procured the tabi, but they searched the city in vain for matches to the lovely hose. The new color was evidently a rare oriental dye, which had not reached the marts of Europe. In their disappointment sore they went to the Japanese lady and explained to her that they had set their hearts on producing in their morning negligees the same combination they had noticed on her feet and ankles. Would she be so kind as to lend them one of her stockings to enable manufacturers to attempt imitation? And then the little lady smiled, and gracefully whipped aside her "uwagi, nakagi, and skitagi," disclosing that the admired stockings were not the mysterious products of some jealously-guarded eastern loom, but the dusky, unadorned tegument with which nature had provided her.

## Chambers and Clark.

Arthur Chambers and John H. Clark, the contestants in the recent fight for the light-weight championship, which resulted in favor of Chambers, met on the 7th instant at the office of the *New York Clipper* in accordance with Clark's avowed desire for another match. Chambers deposited \$1,000 as an evidence of his readiness for business, but Clark failed to cover it according to agreement, and Chambers, after waiting until the time specified—two P. M.—withdrew his deposit. Clark then made propositions differing from the original, offering to fight Chambers at a day's notice for \$500; but as this was not according to the original agreement, it was refused by Chambers, who had modified his determination, which he had announced after his victory over Clark, to withdraw finally from the ring, simply on account of the persistent efforts of Clark and his friends to force another match upon him. As he had, therefore, come up to their propositions, to be met by others of a different character from those at first put forth, and as he had not been met in a similar spirit of business, he was justified in declining further consideration of the matter.

# HEBREW HEARTS.

A Court Case Exhibiting Two Which Should Have Beat as One, But Which, Being Rent Asunder by Characteristic Male Perfidy, a Gallant Jury Decides that \$5,000 is the Proper Salve for the Lacerated Feelings of the Deserted Fair One.

The breach of promise suit of Miss Rebecca Weil against Ludwig Blum was fairly opened on the 12th, in Part III. of the Marine Court, before Judge Goepf and a jury. Both parties to the suit are of prominent Jewish families. The fair plaintiff was accompanied in court by her mother and a bevy of elegantly-dressed ladies. Messrs. Howe & Hummel were her counsel. Mr. Kaufman conducted the defendant's case. The court-room was crowded. Miss Rebecca, the plaintiff, is a handsome blonde, of rather petite figure. She wore a black silk dress, black kid gloves, with a diamond ring outside of the glove, and black hat with white plume. All eyes were turned to her as she seated herself in the witness chair. She answered the questions put to her modestly but distinctly. She said she was born in this city and lived with her widowed mother at 104 West Fortieth street. She had known the defendant thirteen years ago. He used to come to her house, and finally declared his love for her. He first promised to marry her seven or eight years ago at her house, and from that time forward he was recognized as her affianced husband. He used to visit her frequently and say he

WOULD MARRY NOBODY ELSE BUT HER. He made her a present of a ring and a charm. The ring had been broken, and the charm she did not have with her. He gave her the charm six years ago, and the ring before that.

At this point a number of letters were handed to the plaintiff, and she identified them as among those she had received from the defendant. The following are specimens, and they set the whole court laughing as they were read:

"ALBANY, March 10, 1878. "DEAR BECKY: Your letter scented with geranium leaf was duly received, and I take pleasure in answering the same to-day, being it is Sunday and more adapted for writing to my lady-love. I never drop my spirits in brandy and maintain to paddle my own canoe, in which I hope to hold out like Lawrence in his ship. I am dreaming continually of the better days in store for us, and were it even in a good paying grocery store. I have had two letters from home, but not the decisive one yet. I hope, my dearest, that you got over the pain in your wrist, as I should like to have it in turn for you, as I'll not forget last Sunday, the day of our reconciliation, and would like to have that sensation of encircling the only one I love to-day. I must now close, as it is most dinner-time, and I am going out riding this afternoon with Mr. Louis Weil and two more friends. Hoping this reaches you in good spirits, I remain

"Your true love, LOUIS." Many passages in his letters as they were read CAUSED MERRIMENT IN COURT.

Miss Weil, in continuation, said that the defendant had fixed the wedding day for June 2nd of last year. The marriage was to take place in her house, and be performed by Rabbi Meisner. On the day named everything was ready, but the defendant did not come. She did not see him again till she saw him in this court-room.

Cross-examined—How old are you? The witness—Twenty-six. "How old were you when you got into the Hebrew Orphan Asylum?"

"Seven years; I remained there six or seven years." "Did you become acquainted with him at his own house shortly after your leaving the asylum?"

"Yes; I continued to visit at his house for about five years; I used to visit his parents."

On further cross-examination Miss Weil said: "In March, 1878, he came to my house. My mother and I were alone at the time. He said, 'Becky, I want to marry you.'"

"Did he tell you his marriage would be conditional on the consent of his parents?"

"No, sir."

"How long is your father dead?"

"Twenty years."

"Do you remember him?"

"Very slightly."

"Do you know what he died of?"

"I do not."

"Did you write this letter to the defendant?"

She acknowledged having

WRITTEN THE FOLLOWING LETTER:

"NEW YORK, 1878.

"MR. LUDWIG BLUM:

"I also must send you my congratulations, as I have heard you marry the full sum of \$5,000 besides Miss Schwarz, an orphan. May the curse of all widows and orphans follow you and all belonging to you to the end of your days. My father in his grave will take revenge and assist his child, will awake you in your happiest dreams, will follow you in all your pleasures to give you an assurance that he was not insane. I thank our Heavenly Father that He protected me so not to come into your hands, and not intermix with such a wretched family. I might have expected this. I presume you are aware of your brother-in-law having called on me—he said to warn me that you were a confirmed inebriate, and would only make me miserable. I laughed at him because I knew he was doing it out of interest to himself, and that you were a being without principle. Have you forgotten of what I informed you of previously? I am now fully convinced that you are a villain of the blackest dye, capable of anything bad. Is this the confidence you implored me to place in you? I don't know where to place you. The world knows all. The gold you marry will only be as a curse to you. As you have sown, so shall you reap. I would not wish to build a bridge of your words, for I would

FALL WITH A FEARFUL CRASH!

"My name you know too well. It is pure as alabaster. Oh! the main thing I had almost forgotten. I am in possession of your capital, \$3, which

you gave me to save for you whenever you are in need of it. You can call or send for it. Willingly will I return to you the said amount. I am one that possesses principle and wish not to be under an obligation to any one. Adieu. B. W."

In answer to further questions she said a gentleman friend of her's named Mr. Dierenberg had engaged the Rabbi at the request of the defendant.

Counsel—As to the ring he presented you; you said it was broken. Did you break it?

"No, sir."

"Who broke it?"

"It became worn; I got it seven or eight years ago, and wore it till it was worn out. The defendant gave me a new one last May. It is the one now on my finger."

"Why did you bring this suit?"

"Because he acted so dastardly toward me."

"How did he act dastardly?"

"He deserted me. He also tried to ruin my character and that of my family by spreading a report that there was insanity among us. Mrs. Silberman, a lady friend of mine, advised me to bring this suit. I know he was at the time

"ENGAGED TO ANOTHER YOUNG LADY."

"How do you know it?"

"I heard it from neighbors."

Mrs. Dierenberg of 101 Attorney street, testified that she heard Blum say, at Mrs. Weil's house, that he had "laid a foundation now, and will work it through; I will marry Rebecca Weil and no one else; I know what I am about." The witness went to see the defendant's father, who said that he would never consent to his son's marrying Rebecca Weil. "That was all he said," said witness; "short but sweet." [Laughter.]

Mrs. Seike of 33 Ridge street, testified that Blum and Miss Weil came to her house. Blum introduced Miss Weil to her as his future wife, and showed witness a ring he had given Miss Weil. Blum said he was engaged to Miss Weil and would marry her.

"I asked him," said the witness, "if he meant to make her his eternal bride, and he replied 'yes, forever.'"

This ended the plaintiff's case. The defense admitted the promise, but pleaded first that it was only conditional on the defendant's parents; and secondly that plaintiff's family were

TAINED WITH HEREDITARY INSANITY.

Ludwig Blum, the defendant, testified that he had known the plaintiff from childhood. He became engaged to her seven years ago. He agreed to marry her conditionally. His father did not give his consent. He never went to plaintiff after that. Witness never had anything to do with engaging a minister, and never authorized any one to do so. He received Miss Weil's letter, he believed, in August of last year. Witness had not been in business since January 1st of the present year. Before that he had an interest in his father's business.

Cross-examined—Did your interest in your father's business cease on account of hereditary insanity?

"It ceased because the contract ceased."

"What was your age when you made that contract with your father?"

"Thirty-one."

"What age were you when you broke the contract with the young lady, the plaintiff?"

"The same age."

"Did you ask anybody's consent when you made the contract with your father?"

"No."

"You profess you intended to marry Miss Weil if your father gave his consent. Did you really so intend?"

"I did. I mean to tell the jury that."

"You meant to marry nobody else?"

"That I didn't say." [Laughter.]

Witness explained that he meant to marry another after this engagement was disposed of.

The jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for \$5,000.

## Albert Penn, a Supposed Victim of Foul Play.

[With Portrait.]

On the 16th of March, Albert Penn, a young Englishman, left his home in Lynn, Mass., to go to Boston, where he proposed attending a sacred concert at the Boston Theatre. Since that time no trace of him has been discovered. A few days after his mysterious disappearance, his friends becoming alarmed at his unaccountable absence, notified the police of the matter and Detective Henry C. Mears was put on the case. Up to the present writing, however, he has obtained no clue upon which to base his search. Penn had about \$500 on his person when he left, and his friends have little doubt but that this has been the lure which has caused him to meet with foul play somewhere on his journey.

Penn was twenty-three years of age; five feet six inches in height; of light complexion; stoops when walking; has a full upper lip, slightly concealed by a light mustache; is of slim build and weighs 130 pounds. He bore the reputation of being a young man of excellent habits and was a member of several temperance lodges.

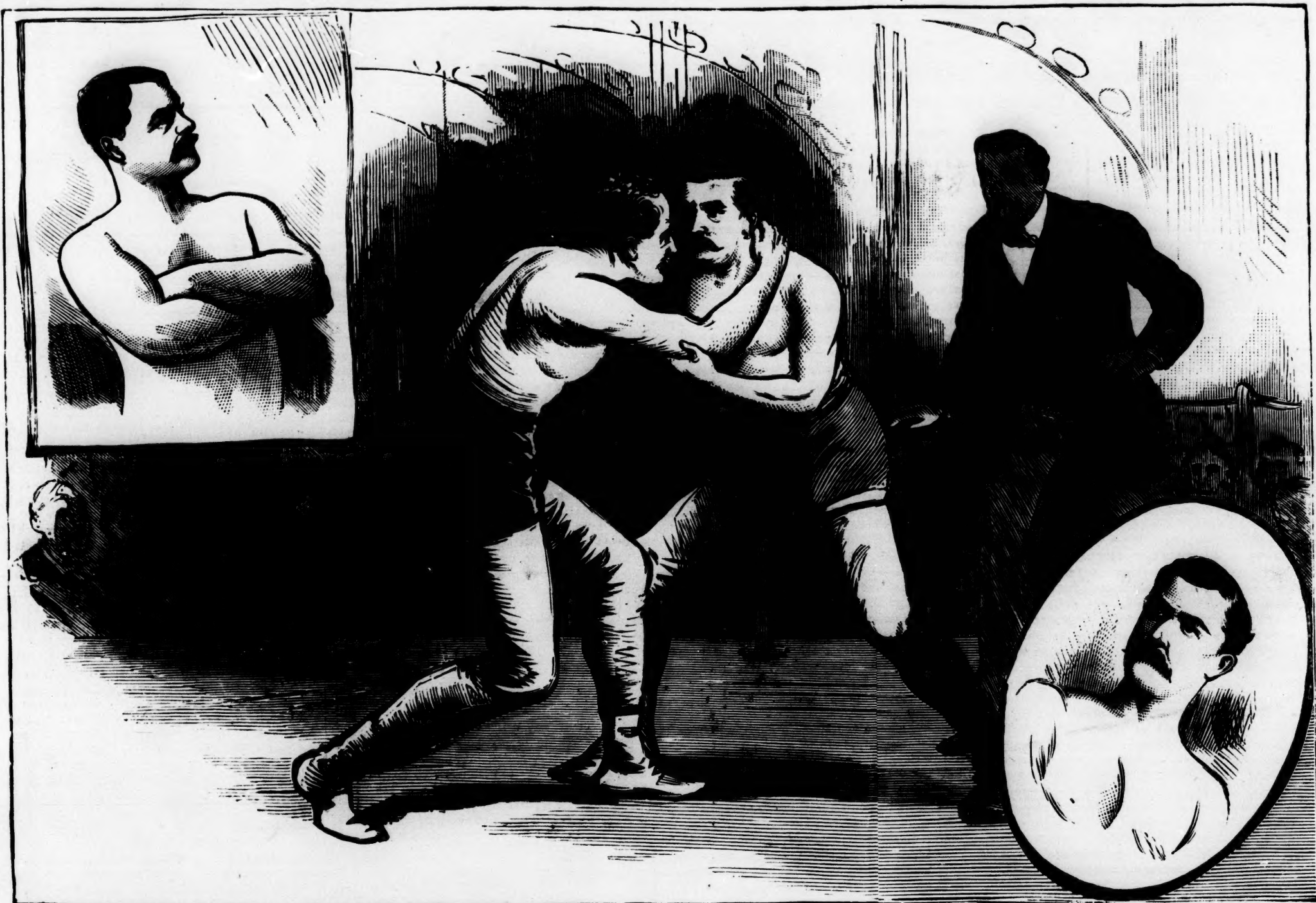
This description, with the portrait, which we publish elsewhere, may afford some clue to the solution of the mystery, any information concerning which should at once be communicated to the Lynn authorities.

## Parr, the Infamous.

[With Portrait.]

The frightful depravity and life-long abuse of his family, culminating at length in the atrocious murder of his married daughter, Mrs. Susan Irwin, the victim of his persistent villainy, by the wretch Edward Parr, in Philadelphia, on the 7th inst., was fully detailed in our last issue. The story is a sickening one and needs no repetition. It is likely to be only too vividly remembered by those who have read it. We have only to note as the latest phase of the case that, on the 13th, he was arraigned in the Court of Oyer and Terminer and plead not guilty to the charge of murder. It is announced that his trial will be called at an early day. A portrait of this unparalleled miscreant appears on another page.





GRECO-ROMAN WRESTLING—EXCITING STRUGGLE BETWEEN OFFICER MULDOON, THE CHAMPION ATHLETE OF THE NEW YORK POLICE, AND THIEBAUD BAUER, THE FAMOUS FRENCH WRESTLER, RESULTING IN A VICTORY FOR THE "SOLID" MAN OF THE FINEST FORCE, AT GILMORE'S GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.—See Page 2.



SPEEDY VENGEANCE ON A MURDEROUS DESPERADO—CHARLES REED, ALIAS DOUGLASS, CONFINED IN JAIL AT SIDNEY, NEB., FOR THE WANTON AND TOTALLY UNPROVOKED MURDER OF HENRY LOOMIS, A RESPECTED CITIZEN, IS TORN FROM THE CUSTODY OF THE SHERIFF AND HANGED TO A TELEGRAPH POLE ON THE PRINCIPAL STREET.—See Page 16.





A JUMPING-ROPE TEST—HOW A STYLISH YOUNG LADY SKIPPED THE BLOCKADE ESTABLISHED BY TWO SPORTIVE YOUNGSTERS UPON THE SIDEWALK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 4.



A TEXAN TURKEY-HUNTER'S ADVENTURE WITH A MEXICAN LION, WHICH, ATTRACTED BY HIS FEATHERED BOOTY, PRECIPITATES ITSELF UPON HIS BACK FROM A TREE, IN BAYLOB COUNTY, TEXAS.—SEE PAGE 12.



FANTASTIC MASKED BALL AND SUMMER NIGHT FESTIVAL, AFTER THE JARDIN MABILLE, OF PARIS, GIVEN AT GILMORE'S GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY, ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 13TH.—SEE PAGE 72.



## CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses  
Against Person and  
Property.

## MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

A Dusky Desdemona, Instead of Meeting the  
Fate of Her Fair Prototype, Neatly  
Turns the Tables Upon Her Othello.

## A BLACK DEMON ASTRAY.

## A MURDERER'S LIFE PROLONGED.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., May 14.—The Governor yesterday granted a reprieve until June 6 to Felix McCann, the murderer of Hatch at Norwich, who was to have been executed on Friday next.

## ONE YEAR FOR ASSAULT.

NORWICH, Conn., May 13.—Charles Seyms, charged with assaulting George Dun, in Occum, last March, with an ax, which nearly resulted fatally, was found guilty to-day in the Superior Court and sentenced to one year in the state prison.

## THE SCHNEITZER MURDER.

The jury, after being out about an hour on the 14th, brought in a verdict of not guilty in the case of Luigi Palmieri, who was tried in the court of oyer and terminer before Judge Barrett for the killing of Joseph Anton Schnitzer, at the corner of 107th street and Third avenue on the 23rd of February last.

## GIVES AWAY HIS PAIS.

UTICA, N. Y., May 13.—William Catin, alias Van Alstyne, the Little Falls ghoul and burglar, betrays all his pals in the burglaries and robberies which they have perpetrated during the past winter. Body McGurt, the Little Falls saloon-keeper, who was supposed to be in all the jobs, has run away. His saloon has been closed by the sheriff.

## HORRIBLE DEED OF A REDUCER.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 14.—A special dispatch to the *Courier-Journal* from Paducah says: Two years ago a man named Daniel Edmunds, who lived in Livingston county, Ky., left his wife and family and eloped to Arkansas with a neighbor's daughter. A short time ago he started back to his former home with the woman and her child, and when near the Mississippi river killed and buried both. On returning to his old home he took up again with his lawful wife. The bodies of the murdered woman and child were found and identified, and a search was then instituted for Edmunds. Yesterday an officer from Arkansas arrived at the home of the murderer, arrested and took him back to the scene of the tragedy.

## BRUTAL MURDER UNEARTHED.

LANCASTER, Ky., May 12.—About the 20th of April last, one John Preston, a quiet citizen of Lower Garrard, was last seen fishing in company with two white men and two negroes on the banks of the Kentucky river. Nine days thereafter his body was found one-half mile below this place. He was known to have \$80 on his person that day, hence his body was searched, and the skull found to be badly fractured and the contents of his pockets gone. Suspicion pointed to the parties above mentioned, which led to the issue of a warrant, charging them with the murder, by our county judge last Friday, and the affair culminated to-day in the arrest of Josh Ray, colored; Moses Spellman, colored; Thomas Brive and James Shearer, white. The latter two were arrested in Jessamine county by Sheriff Jackson. Spellman has confessed that he saw the others throw the body into the river, but that he saw nothing of the money. He says the white men killed him.

## ALL FOR A WOMAN.

VINCENNES, Ind., May 12.—A probable fatal shooting affray and murder took place a few miles from Freelandville, this county, yesterday morning. A young man named Charles Wallace shot another young man named Louis Gable, with a revolver, two balls taking effect, one lodging in a lung and the other entering his shoulder, ranging upward into the neck. Gable is not expected to recover, and is suffering the most intense agony. Wallace went home after the shooting and from there disappeared. His father, N. P. Wallace, is a well-known citizen of the county. Gable has a mother living in Spencer, and is down here working for a relative. The trouble originated in their rivalry for the affections of a young lady in this vicinity. Gable reported that Wallace had boasted of his ability to successfully solicit certain favors from the girl, which report Wallace denounced as false, and meeting Gable on the highway yesterday morning demanded a retraction, the result of which was the shooting.

## LIFE SENTENCE OF TWO MURDERERS.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., May 13.—John C. Dailey, who murdered James Patrick Spellman, an old scissors-grinder, near North Adams, on July 21, 1878, because Spellman charged him too much for sharpening a razor, was sentenced to-day, in the Supreme Judicial Court, by Judge Soule, to imprisonment in the Concord prison for life. Dailey claims to have no recollection of committing the deed, but pleaded guilty of murder in the second degree when arraigned in April last. Wm. A. Montgomery, of South Adams, who, on November 1 last, invited Geo. W. Ellis to his house, and on the latter refusing to pay ten cents for the use of the cards shot Ellis with a gun, from the effects of which he died on December 26, having pleaded guilty of murder in the second degree in April last was to-day sentenced to life imprisonment. Montgomery's wife and child were in court. Their parting at the jail to-day was most affecting, the prison officials separating them with difficulty.

## THE GREEN MONSTER IN BLACK.

Susan Devereaux, colored, and John Simpson, of 12 Cornelia street, were, on the 13th, before Justice Mor-

gan in the Jefferson Market police court, charged with shooting Benjamin Devereaux, the woman's divorced husband. The woman said she came here a year ago in a vain attempt to escape her husband's persecution and went to board in Simpson's house a week ago. Almost as soon as she was in the house Devereaux called on her with a razor and after putting out the gas flourished the razor and frightened her almost to death. Then he threw at her a large mirror which the timely arrival of Simpson alone saved from damage. She passed Monday night awake in a chair with her trunks and furniture piled up against the door to keep Devereaux out. In the morning Devereaux sent her a note that he would shoot Simpson on sight. A few minutes later a paving-stone came in through the window, doing considerable damage. She saw Devereaux across the street and fearing that he would shoot her she fired one shot at him hitting him on the thigh. Devereaux said to Justice Morgan that Simpson shot him. "Not much," interrupted Susan. "I fired at ball my own dear self froo dose green blinds. Dat man am innocent." Justice Morgan held both prisoners.

## MORE NEGRO DEVILTRY.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 13.—A horrible outrage was perpetrated this morning in this county by a negro brute, named Grant Love, upon Annie Watson, a little girl thirteen years of age. Annie had just left her home to carry a tray of delicacies to a sick neighbor. She was walking along a quiet wood-lawn path, when the negro rushed from a clump of bushes and seized her. She began to scream, but the fiend immediately stuffed a rag in her mouth and threw her down. He then raped her. After gratifying his hellish lust he fled, leaving his victim in a helpless and almost insensible condition. About ten o'clock, which was about half an hour after the crime was committed, a young man happened to pass by and found her. He carried the unfortunate creature to her home, and at once gave the alarm. The physician who attended the girl says she is in a critical condition, though he has hopes of her recovery. About eleven o'clock a party of five young men set out in search of the negro. They found him hidden in a stable, caught him and were going to lynch him, but they wanted first to take him before Annie Watson for identification. While they were on the way to the house, one of the party, John Ewell, accidentally shot himself and died from the effects of the wound in half an hour, the ball having taken effect in his abdomen. This was about noon. The rest of the party were so disconcerted with this sad accident that they allowed the negro to escape. Ewell was a young man, greatly beloved, and his untimely end casts a gloom over the community. A large band was organized and has gone in search of Love.

## WIFE-MURDER AND SUICIDE.

KILLINGLY, Conn., May 13.—Elmville is a small factory village in this town. It is delightfully situated on a high hill overlooking a ravine, and has two small mills devoted to the manufacture of woolen goods. Among the operatives was Andrew Manning, a gray-haired man, about sixty years of age. His family consisted of a wife, several grown-up children, and an aged mother. Andrew had shown such a brutal disposition toward his sick and delicate wife that the children were compelled to interfere, and quite recently had paid their father money to quit the house. He went away a short time ago, but returned yesterday, saying that he only wished "to come in and rest." His wife, who had lived with him so many years, could not resist the appeal, much less drive him from her door, and she invited him in. His two daughters came down-stairs to protect their mother should he be disposed to strike her, as he had done many times before. But Manning had a more terrible and determined purpose than a quarrel to settle or a blow to strike. He had been drinking freely of late, and since he had left his family had squandered most of his money for rum. Although not beastly drunk yesterday, his brain was wild from his several days of dissipation and his arm was strong for the deed he evidently contemplated. After he had rested he went toward his wife, took her by the hand, imprinted a warm kiss on her cheek and said, "Good bye, good bye." He then left the house, as they supposed, for good. He called at the next door and asked for an ax, saying that he had got to cut some wood for his family. Concealing it he went back, entered the door, and then rushed madly for his wife, who was sitting by the window. Standing right in front of her he raised the ax, and with one blow buried the blade in her skull. His daughter, aged eighteen years, caught her mother, but her head dropped on the table and it was streaming with blood. She then fell to the floor. Manning deliberately placed the ax on the table, and ran with all speed to the mill pond. Placing heavy stones in his pockets he raised his arms and jumped into the pond. The weight of the stones kept him down, and he was drowned.

## A Russian Murder Horror.

The Moscow papers state that a great sensation has been caused at Moscow by the murder of a boy in a policeman's hut. The boy had been sent by his master, an inn-keeper, to change a twenty-five rouble note, and while on the road displayed it to a policeman with whom he was familiar. The latter invited him to enter the hut, and closed the door after him. Half an hour afterward the inn-keeper, Morozoff, alarmed at the absence of his boy, sent out some men to seek him, and with very little difficulty they traced him to the policeman's "bootka." The door they found fastened, but the window they pushed open, and then the dreadful sight revealed itself of the boy's headless trunk lying on the table, and the policeman concealing the head beneath the flooring. Other policemen were speedily summoned to the spot, and the gorodovoi, with his hands still stained with blood, was taken before the district magistrate, who at once committed him for trial.

A number of well-known citizens of Vicksburg, Miss., have been indicted for carrying concealed weapons.

## PASSION'S PERILS.

A Young Wife's Illicit Love for her Husband's  
Cousin Prompts her to Put her Matrimonial  
Obstacle Out of the Way by Means of a Dose  
of Assorted Poisons.

UTICA, N. Y., May 13.—Mrs. Charles Merrihew, of Denman, Lewis county, twenty-eight years of age, is confined in the Lowville jail, charged with murdering her brother-in-law, David Merrihew, with poison, about two months ago, and of attempting the same crime upon her husband. Her maiden name was Harriet De Langel, and she is a native of Denmark. She has been married eleven years. In stature she is short, round and clumsy, and was only fairly dressed. She has a squaw-like, sensual face, with bronzed complexion and reddish cheeks. When asked if she poisoned David Merrihew she said that she did, but that

## WINTHROP MERRIHEW PUT HER UP TO IT.

"Why did you do it?"  
"I was in love with Charles Merrihew, a young cousin of my husband."

"Where is he?"

"He is now farming for Mr. Dominick, of Schoharie county, near Albany."

"Were you criminally intimate with him?"

"Yes." (Hesitatingly.)

"Where?"

"In my husband's house, within the last year. He is younger and better looking than my husband, and I loved him."

"Did you intend marrying him?"

"Yes, if my husband died."

"Did Charles Merrihew have anything to do with the poisoning?"

"No, he knew nothing of it at all."

"Who is Winthrop Merrihew?"

"He is another cousin of my husband."

"Did you have criminal intercourse with him?"

"No; I was afraid of him. He had only just come from prison, where he was sent for burglary."

"I FEARED AND HATED HIM."

"What did he propose?"

"He wanted to get my husband and his brother out of the way, so we could marry."

"Would you have married him if your husband had died?"

"No; I would have married Charley."

"When was the poisoning suggested?"

"Winthrop Merrihew put poison into my husband's tobacco and whisky before I knew it."

"Did David have any money?"

"About \$1,500, which he gave to an uncle, all but \$100, which came to me, and \$200 to my husband."

"Did you kill him for his money?"

"No, but for love of Charley."

"When did Winthrop give you poison?"

"Over two months ago. He gave me a mixture of four poisons. He said if I gave a little at a time David would drop off gradually and soon die. If I gave too much he would die suddenly. I gave him a little at a time in his tea, whisky and food. He died within a few days. Winthrop asked me what disease the doctor gave as the cause, and when he was told that it was congestion of the lungs he said,

"THEY ARE DAMNED FOOLS."

"Where is Winthrop Merrihew now?"

"I don't know. His trunk is at our place."

"Did you make your confession freely, without threats or inducements on the part of officers and with no hope of commutation of punishment?"

"Yes; I made it freely and do not expect anything."

Sheriff Smith, of Lowville, captured Winthrop Merrihew to-day at Collinsville. He had been trying to sell a horse at Martinsburg. His examination will take place at Denmark.

Winthrop's trunk contained strichnine. Charles Merrihew, husband of the woman, says that he noticed poison in his tea, preserves, medicine, bread, and milk. It caused spasms, vomiting and congestion. He changed his tea and that was soon fixed. His wife mixed the thoroughwort tea for him, and he nearly died after taking it. Then he stopped, and his doctor gave him a nurse, forbidding his wife to go near him. In the body of David Merrihew were found traces of strichnine. The stomach has been sent to Albany for analysis. The woman comes from a bad family. She says her father and other members of her family hated her husband. The poisoning has created a great sensation in northern New York.

## An Awful Night.

A correspondent writes from the Mediterranean to the *Boston Advertiser*:

The vessel *Souverain*, the brig *Janus* and the two batteries *Implacable* and *Arrogante* were at anchor in the roadstead of Hyeres. The last two were of the late emperor's creation, built for the siege of Kinbourn, and had always been detestable in rough weather. Imagine a kind of long oval craft, upon which is built a huge rectangular fort, and some idea may be formed of these monsters. So long as the sea is calm they support the heavy machine, but just as soon as the waves become rough they sweep over the raft and beat against the fortress as against a rock. On the morning of March 25 everything indicated fair weather, and neither at Toulon nor at Hyeres was there the least anxiety as to the fleet. La Flore had arrived under full sail and cast anchor in the Badini. Suddenly a heavy swell began to beat against the ships, and while the others found safety in their easy, yielding movements, the clumsy, unwieldy *Arrogante* was broken without the possibility of running ashore, and to all her signals of distress nothing but signals of utter powerlessness could be returned. It was about ten o'clock when the commander, seeing that all efforts to save his ship were useless, ordered down the boats. The most perfect discipline was preserved; not a man hesitated to obey. The sailors were first attended to, and of the four human-freighted boats two reached the shore. The officers and those who remained of the sailors saw their comrades leave without a murmur, and resigned themselves to the slender hope of reaching shore on a bit of floating wood, or die, if such was God's will. Then came that monster

wave which swept the four brave officers into the merciless sea, as well as the doctor and all who were on deck. Most were able to seize some bit of floating wood; others were stunned and paralyzed; those who remained went down with the vessel. At that moment two lieutenants and a Breton sailor had succeeded in seizing a ladder, but their weight was too much for the fragile raft, and would have gone down with them, but the Breton was worthy of his name, and addressing his superiors, said: "*Messieurs, l'un de nous est de trop ici—je pars, a la grace-de Dieu!*" and disappeared in the howling sea. This noble action did not save the two officers, but the brave sailor reached land safe and sound. The sea refuses to give up its prey; fifteen out of twenty-eight only have been found, and among these only one officer, M. Michael d'Annoville, whose bereaved wife awaited his body at Hyeres. Mme. Ribes, wife of the officer who commanded this unfortunate vessel, is likewise at Hyeres; but even the sad consolation of giving Christian burial to her beloved husband is cruelly long in coming to her.

## A Master Mule.

A couple of miners, says the *Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle*, were seated on a boulder alongside the road to Sutro, discussing the kicking powers of the mule. One had just returned from Sutro and the other was on the way there, and having met near the rock they sat down for a talk.

"Have you quit over there?" said the one who was eastward bound.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Mules."

"'Fraid of 'em?"

"You bet. I saw one yesterday alongside an old boiler kickin' off the rivet-heads one by one. Never missed one. I was just going to shift, and when I saw the mule and heard there was more of 'em inside I weakened and threw up my job. I've got a wife and three children dependin' on me, and I don't take no chances."

"The worst mule I ever saw," said the other, "was in Pioche some years ago. It was one I owned. One day it rubbed against some nails sticking out of a post, and it turned square around and drove those nails in one by one, using a single blow of the hoof, with the iron shoe on, for each nail. It never missed its lick, and always drove 'em just in to the head. Then he saw a few tacks on the post, a little lower down, which were only half driven in, and he drove them in, too, with light taps of the hoof, just as gentle and easy as could be. One day a man came along and set out a can of nitro-glycerine and giant powder. He wanted to get the mule to kick it and get killed. I saw him about the corral with the can, and knew what was up. At first I was going to stop him, but then I thought if my mule was any kind of a mule at all he could take care of himself. So I just watched. Well, the mule saw the can and walking up, smelt of it, and then squared himself for the kick. The man was sneaking off, and just as the mule was going to kick the can, he caught sight of the feller and changed his position so that his tail was toward the man. He lifted his tail just like he was takin' aim and let fly his right hoof. The can went flying through the air and hit the man square in the rear just as he was gettin' over a fence about a hundred feet away. The thing exploded, and I never saw the man again. But next morning Pat Holland came out in the *Record* and said that the town had been visited by a shower of blood."

"Mules are immense when they git roused."

"You bet."

## "Red" Leary's Hole in the Wall.

It was reported that the housekeeper of the tenement 76 Ludlow street, through which "Red" Leary made his escape, had turned the sheriff's misfortune to good advantage to himself by advertising the rooms and hole in the wall as a curiosity, and collecting 10 cents per head from the curious. Being questioned, the housekeeper explained that the story originated in the fact that he had on the Sunday morning previous posted a notice outside the door that read: "Red Leary's hole in the wall. Admittance 10 cents." He said he had been put to a deal of trouble by visits from the neighbors, and had put up the placard for protection and for a joke.

An attaché of the Department of Public Works called at the jail on the 13th to make an estimate and plans for the work of repairing the breach in the walls, and it is expected that the masons will soon begin the work. The intention is to fill the cavity with freestone, faced on the outside and inside with brick to preserve the uniform appearance of the wall. The inside of the closet will then be lined with boiler iron to prevent the possibility of a similar escape in the future. At present the closet is kept locked, and a guard sits watching the hole day and night. The expense of the repairs is estimated at \$100. The owner of the tenement is reported to have offered his property to the county for \$15,500. It is estimated to be worth \$9,000 or \$10,000. The proposition to purchase it is being discussed by the authorities.

## Robert Anderson, a Condemned Wife-Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

On another page will be found a portrait of Robert Anderson, a condemned wife-murderer, now in jail at Louisville, Ky., under sentence of death for his crime, the execution of the extreme penalty of the law for which has been fixed for June 27th. Anderson is a Scotchman by birth, is fifty years of age, and is by occupation an engineer. The murder was one of a very brutal character. Becoming enraged at his wife, he seized a butcher-knife and cut her throat in a most horrible manner, inflicting fatal injuries. An account of the tragedy has been published in the *GAZETTE*.

There are about eleven hundred convicts belonging to the North Carolina penitentiary, about two-thirds of whom are employed on the several lines of railroads now in process of construction.



## A CUT-THROAT CLAN.

The Terrible Loomis Family of Oneida County  
and the Long Reign of Terror Main-  
tained by Them—A Story

ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF.

But Verified by the Revelations Brought  
Out in the Belfield Murder Trial,  
Now in Progress,

FOR A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD CRIME.

The trial at Morrisville, N. Y., of Isaiah Belfield for the murder of Mrs. Phoebe Crandall, of Brookfield, in the same state, over thirteen years ago, recalls the thrilling details of a desperate encounter and almost double murder. It was when the notorious Loomis family had established a reign of terror, and it was when that somber-looking farm-house on the hill-side overlooking the Chenango valley, with its ten miles of impenetrable swamp in front and bleak pinnacle with its single tree and ominous-looking shanty in the rear, formed a rendezvous for a desperate band of outlaws. Belfield, the prisoner, was a member of this gang, as were also Shadrach Curtiss and Joe Crandall—the two others supposed to have been engaged in the murder—the latter a nephew of the murdered woman's husband.

In the sparsely settled portion of the town of Brookfield lived an aged couple, Henry Crandall and his wife Phoebe. They were greatly respected. It was known that they had a sum of money, and that it was sometimes kept in the house. The evening of the 5th of December, 1865, while the old lady was performing her household duties and Mr. Crandall attending to the out-door chores,

### TWO MEN ENTERED THE HOUSE.

Frightened, the old lady maintained silence, while they searched inside. Crandall, having finished his chores, entered from the rear. The two men were standing over a table, on which lay scattered his private papers, also several sticks of wood. One seized a stick and demanded of Crandall his money and government bonds. He retorted:

"You can't have them. I'll die first!"

A struggle ensued, in which Crandall, though over sixty years of age, proved quite enough for his assailants. That he had pluck and muscle the scars on Isaiah Belfield's body bear witness. At one time he says he could have killed them both. Not realizing his own danger he at length consented to get the money and bonds, but instead, opened a door into a dark hallway, where he kept what he called his "headache stick"—a stout piece of hard wood two or three feet long. With this he stationed himself by the door and awaited developments. Suspecting a trick, the robbers opened the door a trifle, thrust a pistol through and fired, the ball lodging in the ceiling by the old man's side. Crandall forced open the door and aimed a vicious blow at them; but the stick, too long, hit the door casing, when another rough and tumble fight ensued, the old lady meanwhile entreating her husband to give up the money. The last Crandall remembers he was holding the two men back against the wall, each looking at the other and panting for breath. At this moment, it is supposed, Joe Crandall appeared and dealt the old man a blow which

### STRETCHED HIM SENSELESS.

When consciousness returned he was lying on the floor, covered with blood. It was dark. He called to his wife but received no answer. He groped about and touched her feet. In vain he tried to arouse her—she was dead. Crawling to the cellar door he managed to strike a light. He had three bullets in his head and his skull was fractured. In the old lady's skull were also imbedded three or four bullets. After a time he started for his nearest neighbor, half a mile distant, arriving there late in the night. After giving the alarm he became unconscious, in which condition he remained for several weeks.

Of late years it has been generally understood that the robbery was planned at Loomis's, and that Belfield and Curtiss were selected to perform it. Murder was clearly not intended in the original plan, but the old man's obstinacy and the fact that one of them had been recognized by his wife made it necessary for their own safety. But the old man hung onto life with the same tenacity with which he held onto his money, and is now alive to appear as a witness for the prosecution. The men Crandall saw were both strangers. It is supposed that Joe Crandall stood outside on the watch, and, becoming alarmed at the length of the struggle, entered in time to strike his uncle down at that point where

### HIS MEMORY FAILS.

He did not see him, but remembers hearing his wife say:

"Joe Crandall, you needn't come here disguised to rob us, thinking I don't know you."

Suspicion soon became attached to the above-named parties, but the band of outlaws being broken up soon after they departed to other fields. Belfield's defense will be an alibi, and the question of identity will be raised. Crandall has been called a number of times to identify persons suspected of the murder, and every time he promptly said "No," until Belfield was produced. He recognized him at a glance, saying:

"Those eyes—those eyes. I have seen them in my dreams a hundred times."

A former mistress of Loomis's, who lived in the family at the time, will give important evidence for the people. District Attorney Smith, of Utica, has been untiring in his efforts to get at the facts, and considering the lapse of time, the network of evidence which will be woven about the accused, is really astonishing. Belfield is alarmed, and has intimated that he will give state's evidence were he as-

sured of protection. Curtiss and Joe Crandall are still at liberty. The old man's stubborn resistance saved his money, but killed his wife and nearly destroyed himself. He has recovered from his terrible wounds and married another wife, by whom he has several children.

Soon after the Crandall horror, Brookfield was

### THE SCENE OF ANOTHER BRUTAL MURDER.

Mose Johnson lived alone. He had acquired some money, which he foolishly kept in the house. The neighbors were one day attracted to his premises by the noise of starving cattle. His dead body was discovered at the bottom of the well much decomposed, having evidently been there several days. He seemed to have been killed with an ax, thrown in the well, after which large stones were dropped on the body. The house had been ransacked and the money taken; a bloody ax was lying on the floor. All crimes in those days and in this region were attributed to one source, and beyond this general supposition no clue to the perpetrators was obtained. The spot where so many crimes were planned is now a scene of desolation. Rank weeds and blackened ruins mark the places where the various buildings stood—they having been destroyed by the infuriated citizens. Of the five Loomis brothers three are dead and the remainder are engaged in more honorable callings.

The history of this family is most remarkable. For twenty years they harassed the people of central New York by

### DEPREDACTIONS UPON EVERY FORM OF PROPERTY.

Although Oneida county, New York, was their rendezvous, yet their power was felt in adjoining localities and many crimes were committed by their gang in other parts of the Union. From Maine to California and from Canada to southern Tennessee their territory extended. Members of the gang were stationed in the west, in Iowa, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois; in the wild regions of Pennsylvania, in the mountain districts of Tennessee and along the Atlantic coast. To read of their wondrous power and successful resistance to law during the ten years previous to their disruption is to dwarf in the mind all tales of piracy by sea or land. With large, valuable farms, they became rich and influential, if not respectable men. They sent their children to expensive seminaries and dressed themselves like gentlemen with the fruits of their depredations. Though living in the midst of a robbed and outraged community they were never punished by law. Hundreds of indictments were found, but not one of the family during the twenty years of their reign of terror, were ever brought to trial. This seems incredible, yet it is a fact. The power they wielded over all classes through bribery and intimidation was enormous. Any one particularly active in bringing them to justice was persecuted, until, reduced to beggary, he succumbed, and either leagued himself with them or

### FLED THE COUNTRY.

People living in parts remote from their headquarters cannot, from any description, conceive of the state of things which then existed. If, when robbed, a man dared to get out a search warrant, his barns were burned, his cattle stolen and valuable horses killed. If he were a merchant, his trade fell off; if a candidate for public office, his constituents deserted him; if a physician, a charge of malpractice was brought, which destroyed his practice. In village, town and city lived members who acted as spies, who kept the Loomises informed of promising opportunities for robbery. Even the law was used to punish their enemies through arrests on false charges, conspiracies and bribery. Buildings containing indictments were burned, and, in one instance, the district attorney was waylaid at night and robbed of counterfeit money which the gang had passed, and which he was keeping as evidence. They virtually defied the law. They laughed at and chafed the officers, constables, lawyers and judges. George Washington Loomis, their able, adroit and polished leader, often boasted that in the county of Oneida they controlled nearly seven hundred votes, and it was believed that in Madison they influenced five hundred more. This was

### THE SECRET OF THEIR POWER.

At length they assumed so much sway and extended their territory that the New York State Prison Association embodied in its report to the Legislature in 1865 an elaborate history of the gang, alluded to the political power they wielded and directed attention to the matter. It was made the subject of leading editorials in the New York journals.

The family consisted of the following members: George Washington, Grove, Wheeler, Plumb and Denio Loomis, their mother, Mrs. Rhoda Loomis, their sister, Cornelia. The father, George W. Loomis's son, settled in Sangerfield, Oneida county, in 1802. His two brothers were with him and also settled there. He was reputed to be wealthy. He married and in time produced the famous family of brothers. In 1810 he was arrested with four others, including one of his brothers, for passing counterfeit money. The Loomises escaped punishment by bribing a juror. The other three went to state prison. The children of George W. grew up and remained on the farm, and in manhood developed that shrewdness and command of resource which afterward made them so famous. When young men it was their custom to attend dances in the hop districts, pick quarrels, and, armed with hickory clubs,

### TAKE POSSESSION OF THE PREMISES.

On one occasion Wash. nearly killed a young man and was indicted, but escaped and fled to California. For many years he drove mail wagons across the plains from California to Salt Lake City, where he formed the acquaintance of Brigham Young. On one occasion, having quarreled with a miner, he was invited to settle the dispute with pistols. He accepted the invitation, but in haste blazed into the poor miner before the signal was given. This was in 1849 or thereabouts, when occurrences of that sort were not rare. His eagerness, however, was considered in shocking bad taste by the refined crowd who attended, and they at once made preparations to hang the murderer. Wash. waited not on preparation, but departed, followed with great zeal by the entire audience. He finally escaped the trestle store for him,

but was pursued across the continent by some enthusiastic and devoted friends of the dead miner. He shook them off his trail, returned home, and at once assumed the leadership for which he was so well fitted. He had wonderful nerve and pluck, and his knowledge of law was extensive. In plotting he was unrivaled except by Arch. McGregor, another member of the gang. Six feet in height, with clear, manly features, brilliant black eyes and of commanding person, he was

### A VERY APOLLO IN APPEARANCE.

One of McGregor's artifices was very successful. He employed young girls in his interest to act as house servants. Informed by spies of a profitable job, he would send one of his trained servants to engage with the family whom he knew kept in the house silver plate or money. After the girl had, by becoming conduct and faithful performance of duty, ingratiated herself into the confidence of master and mistress, some night was appointed to rob the house. At midnight the gang was admitted by the girl, and after partaking of wine, fruit and delicacies, would carry away a bag filled with plate and valuables. The domestic was never suspected, and, the affair blown over, she would leave her place to engage in the same business elsewhere. In this way many dwellings were ransacked in what seemed a mysterious manner, and it was not until after many years that the system was made known.

James L. Filkins, who lived in Waterville, N. Y., near which place the Loomis farm was situated, was made a constable in 1858. He was fearless and tried to do his duty. He pursued the gang so relentlessly that

### THEY DETERMINED TO KILL HIM.

He was called up one night from bed by three men, who, after trying to decoy him from the house, poured through the window at which he was standing a charge of buckshot. He was badly wounded, but recovered and hunted the gang with renewed energy. At that time they were in almost entire possession of the county of Oneida. Filkins was continually raiding their premises armed with search warrants day and night. His tenacity and courage and incorruptible honesty made his death desirable, and many plots were concocted to assassinate him. He received daily evidence of their enmity. Anonymous letters poured in upon him from the gang ordering him to desist and leave the country, and from friends warning him of plots to take his life. Filkins was also shot on the premises while trying to make an arrest, a minie ball crushing the bones of his left arm, thence passing through his leg. In an interview the writer had with him in Utica, where he now lives, he recalled some deeply interesting incidents, which, if duly recorded, would fill a large volume. He visited, when a detective, the Loomis farm nearly every week for years in search of stolen property and

### MEMBERS OF THE GANG.

Grove Loomis had a beautiful brown horse, which was known as the "California mare." This animal was of wonderful speed and agility. She would go across the country clearing fences and ditches as easily as she traveled the highway. Grove kept this mare always by him. During the day she was saddled and bridled, and at all hours of the night. Grove slept with her in the barn all winter; in summer in the fields, by fences, or under the haystacks. It was almost impossible for an officer either on foot or mounted to take him when mounted on his swift animal. By the aid of bloodhounds that warned him of danger he was soon in the saddle and away. If pursued hotly on the highway he took to the fields, and skimming fences like a bird soon distanced pursuit. Before the war the Loomises had a negro named "Sile" Loucks. He was one of the thieves, and a most expert one, too. Like the California mare, he was remarkable for fleetness. No officer could keep him even in sight on a straight road his speed was so amazing. Detective Filkins says that he would place eight empty barrels on end in a row, then, with both hands in pockets, would jump into the first, out of that into the second, and so on to the last. Once Filkins chased him into the garret, but "Sile" dove through the window, sash and all, and striking the ground like a rubber ball, was away in a flash, leaving "nothing in his rear but a black streak." He used to assist in running horses stolen in Canada to Tennessee,

### WHERE SOME OF THE GANG WERE LOCATED.

The horses disposed of, his companions would sell "Sile" for a good sum to some planter as a slave, and he would then escape directly and reach home ahead of the others. They sold him repeatedly, thus clearing large sums. Banks were robbed in Iowa and Minnesota by members belonging to and acting under instructions from the Loomises. Each member kept a mistress. Over these women many bloody, desperate fights occurred among themselves. The premises were the resort and stopping-place for members when passing through. As many as fourteen able-bodied and desperate men were seen at one time there by Filkins. Here were planned jobs of horse-stealing, barn-burning and missions of blood. Here were divided the spoils, and, inflamed by liquor, disputes arose, ending in fierce personal encounters. The eyes of some were continually darkened, arms were carried in slings and thieves limped about on duty. The Loomises were often charged by inferior members with unfair dealing in division, which was undoubtedly true. The disaffected often sought Filkins, knowing the Loomises' dread of him, and

### IMPARTED VALUABLE HINTS.

In this way he gained an advantage which he used with service to the people.

The Loomis brothers had a farm in Sangerfield of three hundred and eighty acres, near the Nine-mile swamp. On the farm were woods and many hiding places. At the foot of Oneida lake William Loomis owned about five hundred acres. They also had a large farm in Oswego county. They were never without an abundance of ready cash. Filkins has arrested Denio when he had in his pocket \$1,500. At this late day it may seem strange to those who have but a faint conception of their power then, when Filkins, by his efforts to punish them, was nearly as obnoxious to the people as the Loomises themselves; yet such is

the fact. His neighbors in the village of Waterville, knowing how intensely the gang hated him, feared a raid some night, when they stood in danger of being murdered by mistake. Some even seriously suggested that lighted lamps be kept before their residences all night, with the inscription, "Filkins doesn't live here."

At last human nature could stand no more. The robbed, persecuted and enraged people organized a vigilance committee, published proclamations, sent warnings and held meetings to consider their danger. The

### LAW WAS POWERLESS TO PROTECT THEM.

Witnesses could not be induced to testify, through fear of destruction of property or loss of life. Maddened beyond endurance they repaired to the Loomis place on the night of Monday, October 30, 1865. When they left the premises were on fire, Wash. was dead, and Grove badly beaten. For the murder, as it was called, Filkins was arrested at the instigation of the Loomises. They tried to fasten the crime on him because of his presence with the mob. By use of their influence and manipulation he was indicted, but was never brought to trial. General Martindale, of Rochester, was secured by the Loomises to assist the district attorney, and Roscoe Conkling volunteered to defend Filkins. On his motion the indictment was set aside amid "tremendous applause." The uprising of the people for a time had a restraining effect; but not many months elapsed before those engaged in the raid as leaders

### BEGAN TO SUFFER FROM RETALIATION.

Their buildings were burned, horses stolen, cows and sheep killed and themselves shot at. In the following summer, June, 1866, there was another uprising of the maddened populace, followed by another midnight raid, in which the entire property of the Loomises was destroyed—houses and all out-buildings—some of the gang beaten, two hanged until nearly dead, some arrested and others chased from the country. Their power was completely broken, and soon after they became disorganized and gradually forsook their old haunts. Since then order has reigned in the districts where formerly were highway robberies, horse-stealing, house-breaking and petty larcenies. That this infamous combination of thieves were the instigators of the Crandall murder appears to be clearly shown on the trial of Belfield.

### Murderous Oyster Diggers.

GREAT NECK, L. I., May 12.—On the shore of Manhasset Bay, at a point called Cutler's Landing, a tragedy was enacted to-day at eight o'clock. Thomas Cook and his son Edward, eighteen years old, were hauling in the anchor of their boat, preparatory to going into the bay to dig oysters, when George Fiddle came to the landing. He shouted to them that they were killing his oysters by throwing the anchor where it was, and if they did it again he would cut the boat loose. Cook answered that if he did he would make him bring it back. Fiddle applied an approbrious name to Cook, who retorted in the same language. Young Cook made a remark which angered Fiddle, who waded out to where they were waist deep in the water. What followed is told by Cook, Sr., who says:

"He caught hold of one of our oars, and saying that he would kill my son, struck him a blow with the oar that knocked him overboard. The oar was broken. He then said, with an oath, 'I will kill both of you; prepare to die,' and struck me with a piece of the oar which he still held. The other oar had fallen out of the boat. I was also knocked into the water, and he tried to strike me on the head across the boat. My son had regained the boat and Fiddle struck him two other blows, again knocking him into the water. He then followed me around the boat and we got to the shore together, where he again used the oar, striking me twice. We grappled and the oar fell to the ground, he then picked up a piece of iron and saying that he would kill me or I him, made a rush at me, we struggled and I was thrown, he getting on top of me. He had the iron uplifted to strike me when my son came up with the oar that had been knocked overboard and struck him on the head. The blow made him insensible."

Young Cook, when questioned apart, told substantially the same story. He claims that the killing was in self-defense. He says he can prove that Fiddle threatened to kill them on Saturday last. They seem to have quarrelled frequently. Fiddle suspected them of stealing his oysters, but they deny it. A visit to the scene of the tragedy was made to obtain testimony on the other side. The only persons who witnessed the affair were Mrs. Warren, Jacob Sobie and George Cox, and their statements corroborate that of the Cooks.

Judge Morrell committed the Cooks to jail, without examination, to await the result of Fiddle's injuries. He died at three o'clock, without having regained consciousness. The left temporal bone was badly fractured. Three physicians attended him. The claim that the killing was done in self-defense is not sustained by the statements. Fiddle had ceased his assault upon young Cook when he dealt him the fatal blow. The people here, however, justify the killing on the ground that the son was bound to save his father's life if he believed it in danger. Judge Morrell and the people say that Fiddle was a man of violent temper. Coroner McKee will hold an inquest to-morrow.

### Shocking Farriels.

Mr. Munroe, of Meredith, Mo., was a strong disciplinarian in his own household, and prided himself on the obedience of his family. His children were accustomed to the rod from their cradles until they quitted the parental roof, and it was even said that he whipped his wife on several occasions. But he was of high standing in the community, and when, a few days ago, he spoke in a church meeting of the duty of fathers in training their offspring, he was very attentively listened to. On his way home he met his son George, who had been fishing on Sunday, and gave the boy a cruel beating—perhaps to illustrate the subject that he had been discussing in church. George went to a neighbor's house, borrowed a gun and shot his father dead.



## A Texan Turkey Hunter's Adventure with a Lion.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An incident transpired some time ago in the Wichita Mountains, which rise alongside the stream of the same name, in Baylor county, bordering on the great Llano Estacado of Texas, that well illustrates the stealthy character of the puma, or Mexican lion. The animal is an inhabitant of the lofty mountain ranges of Mexico, and quite frequently met with in the Chenotli range, which looms up between the Rio Pecos and Rio Grande, this side of El Paso, and in the extreme wild and howling wildernesses of West Texas. The puma is occasionally encountered in the mountain settlements on the Texas frontier.

A few evenings ago a Texas frontiersman and hunter, named Franklin, a dweller on the lonesome banks of the headwaters of the Little Wichita, left his ranch for the purpose of bagging some wild turkeys and other game for breakfast next morning.

The hunter was dressed in the broad slouched hat so common in Texas, with boots over trousers, a six-shooter belted to his waist, and his trusty rifle slung over his shoulder. His venture was quite successful, being a center shot. Following the banks of the Little Wichita, he brought down three fine gobblers and with his piece, and, huntsman-like, tied all of them with a leather thong, slung the turkeys over his shoulder, and started for his sylvan home, or rather camp.

The shadows of night had already partially fallen on the murmuring river, and the somber gloom of deep solitude fallen on the trees that lined the banks of the Wichita. Franklin was plodding along in the dim shades, unconscious of danger from man or beast, when he felt a sudden shock, as if a great load had been precipitated on his back. Utterly amazed and stunned, the hunter arose from the stooping position into which he had been thrown, and grappled with his unknown and mysterious assailant. His first idea was that it was some devil-fish by some curious chance turned loose on land.

A fierce combat ensued. His assailant grappled with him, but seemed to direct his strength against the freight he carried on his back. Franklin could not use his gun or his pistol, but struck at "the varmint" with his fist, and endeavored to free himself from the intruder much after the manner of the character in the "Arabian Nights," on whose back was saddled the Old Man of the Sea. At last the animal, for such Franklin at length perceived it to be, succeeded in scampering off with one of the turkeys, followed by the hunter, who drew his gun as well as knife. He fired one shot at his assailant. But this only enraged him, and the animal, making a deadly spring, alighted on Franklin, at the same time planting its claws deep into his neck and cheeks. The hunter was also fearfully torn and mangled about the arms, legs and other parts of the body, where the sharp teeth of the brute were rapidly planted.

After this last spring, when the animal had fastened its ugly claws in his face, Franklin plunged his knife into his enemy, who fell dead on the ground. On examining "the varmint" the hunter found it to be a Mexican lion of large size. Such was his own enfeebled condition, after such a death struggle, that it was with difficulty Franklin reached his ranch, where his wounds were dressed.

## Result of a Stabbing Affray.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 12.—More than two years ago, Mr. Joshua Kidd, of Conemaugh Borough, while engaged at his work in a blacksmith shop, was stabbed in the left arm by a fellow workman named Samuel Scott, with whom he had got into an altercation. The weapon used was the large blade of an ordinary pocket-knife, which penetrated the arm at the shoulder joint, and, breaking off, was left sticking in the flesh. The injury was a very serious one, as, the "joint-water" having been left out, the arm has been nearly useless ever since. Mr. Kidd says that the



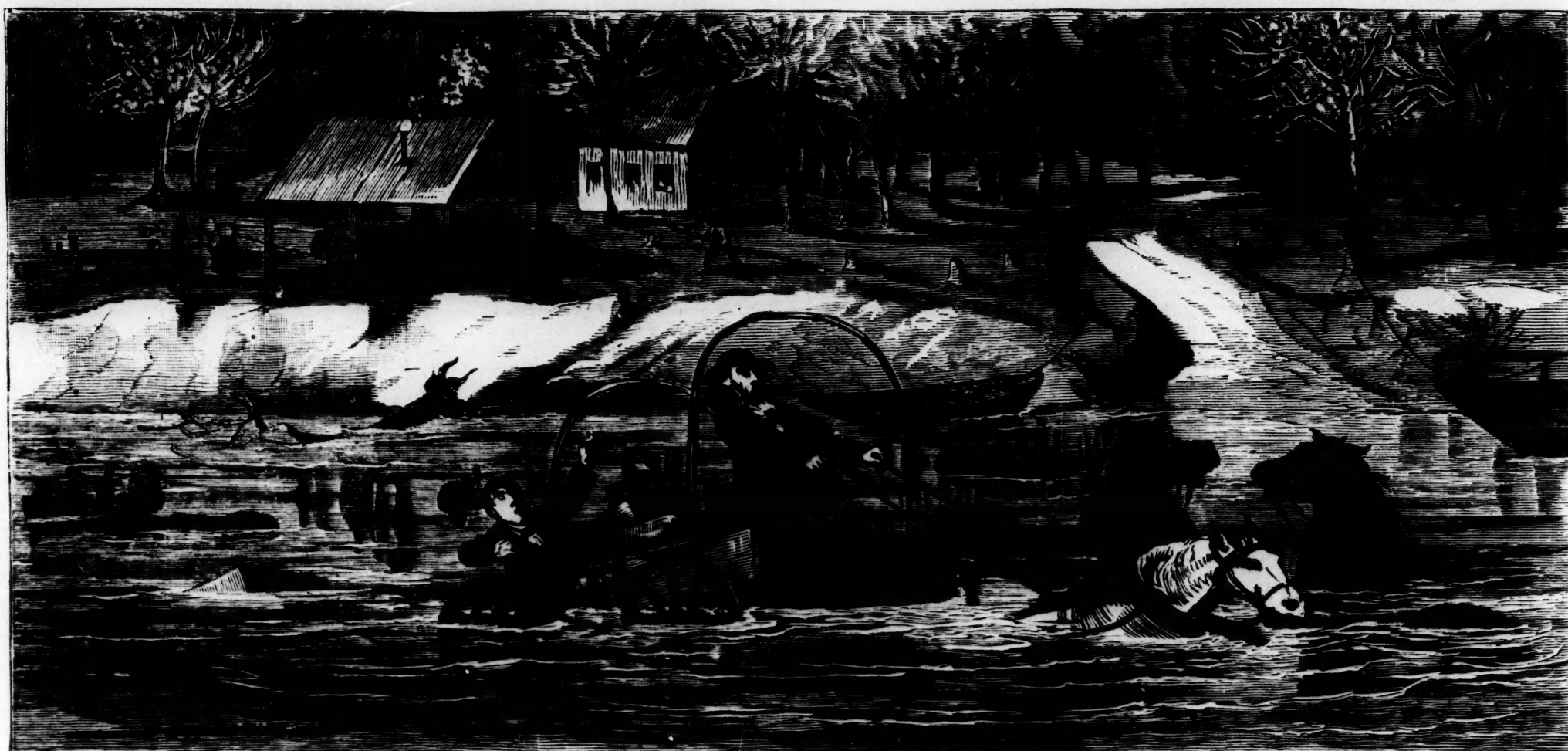
MISS LENA G. FRENCH, OF THE FRENCH TWIN SISTERS, MUSICAL SKETCH AND SONG AND DANCE ARTISTES.—SEE PAGE 2.

physician who dressed the wound gave it as his opinion that the piece of broken blade did not remain in the flesh, and careful examination failed to discover its whereabouts; but he has always thought he was carrying it around with him, and some day it would make its appearance. A hard lump formed on the arm, near the point where the blade penetrated, and the victim suffered almost constant pain. On the night of the 7th, about twelve o'clock, feeling a peculiar sensation in his left arm, Mr. Kidd placed his right hand on the wound, and was surprised to find something sharp and hard. Getting up immediately, he procured a light, when he discovered that the point of the knife-blade had penetrated through the skin, and, with the aid of a pair of pincers, the hard substance was soon removed. It was one and a quarter inches long and three-eighths of an inch wide, and was quite rusty. It came out only five-eighths of an inch below the point where it went in over two years ago, but there is no telling how long an excursion it has made through the fleshy part of Mr. Kidd's arm. He says he does not feel any pain now, and is very glad the blade took a notion to come out doors.

## Catching An Alligator.

MAGNOLIA, Fla., April 23.—On the end of a well-worn afternoon our party turned back along the smooth paths through the natural park. At one lumber camp we passed logs were being rafted down a creek to a bay in Florida. As the shadows were growing heavier under the trees, our host, L., paused opposite a small pond covering a quarter-acre in an opening. "Do you see that alligator?" he said, pointing to a black log six or seven feet long, lying half in mud and half in water, a few yards out. "That fellow is stupid yet; just out of winter quarters, and half torpid." A pine-knot thrown and striking close by did not disturb him. The professor, roused to motion, scented a prize. "Gentlemen, we must have that specimen for the Chicago Academy of Sciences. No eye to be bungled out and skull cracked by a musket ball. We'll ship him alive, and mount him afterward at our leisure."

The good genius of our friend appeared on the scene at this instant in a long-shanked darky, mounted on that imp of wickedness, our scrubby pony acquaintance of the morning. Around the beast's neck was wrapped a lariat of length, evidently at the expense of some white man's clothes-line. That rope was just the thing to yank our dozing alligator out with. A bargain was quickly struck. L., as best posted in habits of the game, was to take the loose end of the lariat, and, wading out, drop a slip-noose over the rough tail. The colored gentleman was to start his steed, and we were to give a helping pull. The programme was carried out to that extent without a slip. The pony moved, and so did the alligator. The darky yelled and stuck his heels in, and everybody shouted. The pony, checked and turned partly around by the resistance at the other end of the lariat, made the discovery to what he had become attached, and at once devoted his whole attention to the subject. There ensued a system of kicking that caused the long-shanked colored gentleman to vacate the saddle and take a position between the ears, where he hung like a spider. Then followed a flight that drew the half-grown alligator with a rush out of the water and over the ground and against trees, until the lariat parted. In the gloom that had now gathered, the terror-stricken pony disappeared among the trees in a dissolving view of high-lifted heels, with a woolly head and rolling eyes hanging on somewhere. As the latter did not come back for his pay, it was presumed that he desired to terminate the contract. As to the alligator, however torpid he may have been when the proceedings started, the mad race, tail foremost, over the ground and against trees, effectually warmed him up, and the blood commenced to circulate sufficiently for all practical purposes. The jaws came together like a steel trap when we approached, and, as it was late and we had no weapons, this valuable specimen was left to himself and lost to science.



MR. G. W. HOLT AND HIS SON, WITH THEIR TEAM, ATTEMPTING TO CROSS A FORD, NEAR NEVADA, MO., WHICH HAD BEEN SWOLLEN BY RECENT FLOODS, ARE SWEEPED AWAY BY THE CURRENT AND DROWNED.—SEE PAGE 13.



**A Negro Burlesque of Justice.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

A well dressed stranger came into the county clerk's office, says the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette, of a recent date. He had on a glossy black beaver, standing collar, diamond pin and a new suit of Scotch tweed. Being invited to sit down and state his business, he brushed the seat of a chair carefully with his handkerchief, and, sitting down, languidly told this tale:

"I and another friend am sojourning for a time in Washington city, and, tempted by the beautiful weather on last Saturday afternoon, we walked across the Long Bridge. No sooner were we on the Virginia side and on the public highway than six or seven negro constables sprung out from an ambush and arrested us.

"What for?" I asked.

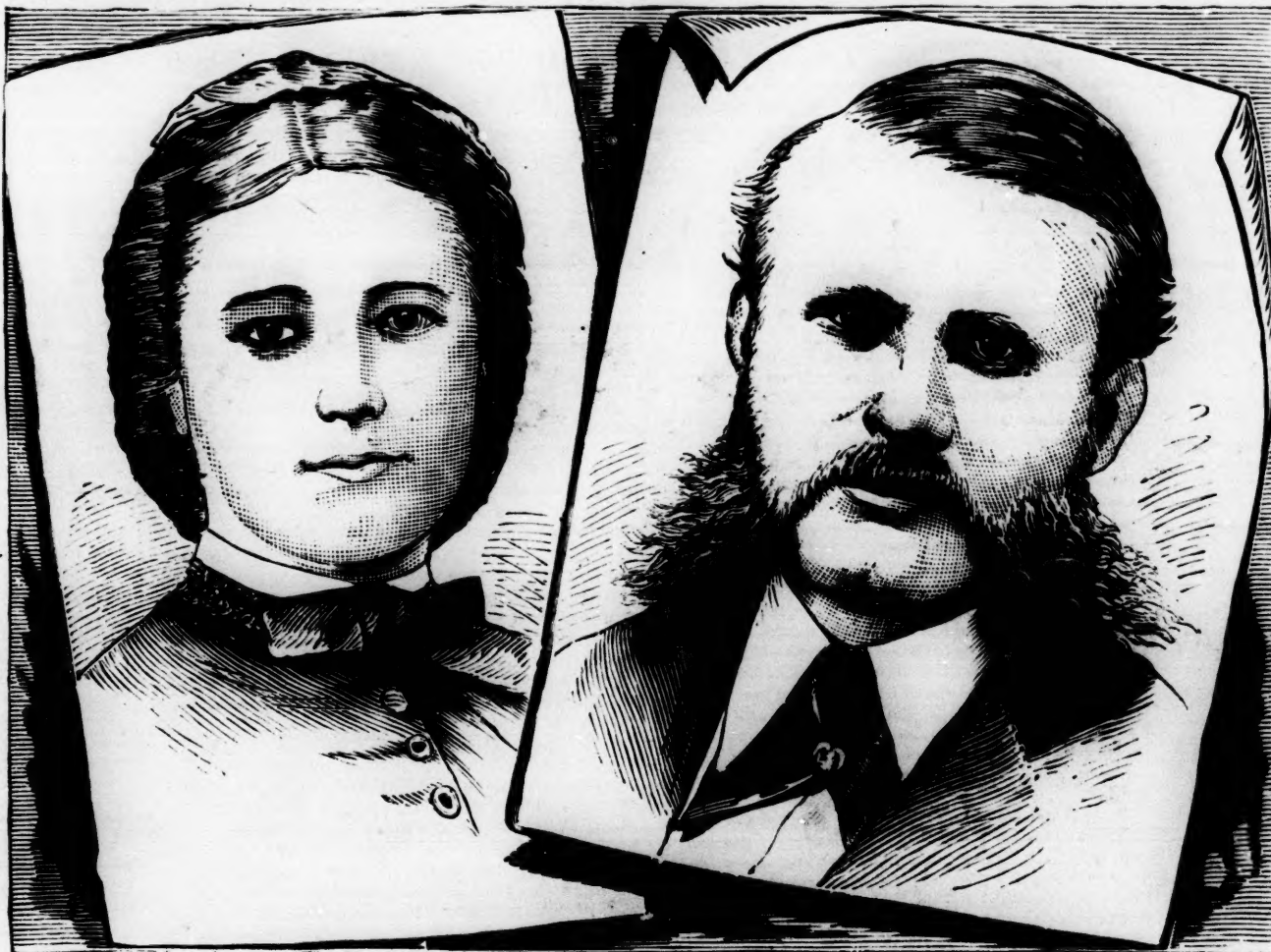
"For breaking the law on Sunday," they cried.

"Breaking the laws on Sunday?" I replied, astonished; "what laws? I haven't trespassed on any person's property, have I? Neither me nor my friend here have done a thing; what do you arrest us for?"

"You've been breaking the county laws," said the leader of the gang, a big, black buck negro, with a club in his hand and a Colt's revolver hanging to his waist. "You've been breaking the laws, and we're going to carry you before the 'squire. Dem's our orders, anyway."

"Dat's so," chorused the rest of the black devils.

"Well, we were carried like two felons up the turnpike, with the



THE POCASSET MURDEROUS FANATICS—MR. AND MRS. CHARLES F. FREEMAN, THE ADVENTIST "CRANKS," WHO BUTCHERED THEIR INFANT DAUGHTER, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGIOUS MANIA.—SEE PAGE 2.

that they could make no successful effort to escape, and thus all went down together. Mr. Holt was one of the most highly esteemed citizens of his county, was in good circumstances and for forty years a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. Both left a large circle of sincere friends to mourn their unfortunate and untimely taking-off.

**Swept Over the Falls.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

WATERTOWN, N. Y., May 12.—An appalling casualty occurred near this city yesterday afternoon. A young man named Robert Harris twenty-one years of age, accompanied by Miss Dell Shaw, a young girl of thirteen, started out in a boat for a rowing excursion on the Black river. While attempting to row across the river, a short distance above the big falls at Suspension Bridge, they were overpowered by the swift current, and, in spite of Harris's efforts to regain control of the boat, they found themselves utterly at the mercy of the rushing flood, and, frantic with terror, even hurried towards their inevitable doom, which no human power could avert. Escape by swimming was impossible, and other help there was none. Thus helplessly hurried to death by the relentless current, they were at last swept over the awful watery precipice, down which they disappeared in their boat, with a wild shriek of terror, and no trace of their bodies or the wreck has as yet been discovered.



ROBERT ANDERSON, TO BE EXECUTED AT LOUISVILLE, KY., JUNE 27TH, FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE.

guards before, behind and on each side of us. After going about a half a mile we turned up another road that ran at right angles, and went about another mile to a collection of dilapidated shanties, before one of which our gang halted, and, knocking at the door, entered. We found a dorky lying crossways on a bed, as drunk as a billed owl. With a good deal of pushing and pulling, he was brought to a sitting position, and a feeble light of intelligence dawned in his piggish eyes. We were formally introduced by the constables in these words:

"We're a brung dese men here, 'Squire Pendleton, for a breaking of the Sunday law."

"The justice tried to keep his equilibrium, but couldn't, so he rolled helplessly over and called his wife, who came in, and the justice ordered his wife to try the case. She refused.

"Fore God, Mr. Pendleton, I don't know nuffin about it."

"The constables again raised the j. p., and, sitting up, he fined us two dollars.

"What for?" I said.

"You've broke the law, and the law says you must pay it."

"Well, what could we do? So we paid the fine, and before we were discharged the constables divided out the money between them, and one, pulling out an old pack of greasy cards, they got a handful of corn and commenced to play draw poker."

"Is this the truth?" we asked, "and did it really happen?"

"It is the solemn, frozen fact," he replied. "I have heard much of Virginia," he continued, "but I have

seen as much of it as will last my lifetime. I was a Republican, but I am a Democrat now."

**Drowned at a Ford.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

NEVADA, Mo., May 5.—A shocking casualty occurred in this (Vernon) county, near this place, on the 1st instant. On the morning of that day Mr. G. W. Holt and a grown-up son, residing at Pleasanton, Kan., were returning home from Laclede county, in this state, where they had been attending to some business. They were driving a two-horse team and were leading an extra horse tied by the side of one of the working horses. Having arrived at a ford of which they knew nothing, and which was only safe in dry weather, they attempted to drive through to the other side, although there was a rope ferry at the place for the accommodation of all who might wish to use it. The stream had, however, been swollen to a great depth by recent heavy rains, and when, therefore, Mr. Holt and his son drove their team in they speedily found themselves in some fifteen or twenty feet of water, and were drowned, with their horses, before assistance could be rendered them. The body of the old gentleman and those of his horses were subsequently found near where they went down, but that of the son has not been recovered up to this time, although diligent effort has been made by dragging and by firing loaded anvils in the vicinity. The ultimate cause of the disaster is said to have been the action of the extra horse, which swam around in front of the other two, and, getting mixed up with them, hampered them so



ALBERT PENN, MISSING FROM LYNN, MASS., SINCE MARCH 16TH; SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED.



A NEGRO BURLESQUE OF JUSTICE—TWO GENTLEMEN, ARRESTED ON THE HIGHWAY, WITHOUT CAUSE, BY A POSSE OF BLACKS, ACTING AS CONSTABLES, ARE TAKEN BY THEM BEFORE A SENEGAMBIAN IDIOT, VESTED WITH THE POWERS OF A JUSTICE, BUT TOO DRUNK TO HEAR THE CASE, WHO, HOWEVER, INFLECTS A FINE AT RANDOM, WHICH IS AT ONCE DIVIDED BY THE ODOROUS GANG NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VA.



## LEFT HER HOME;

OR,

## The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

"Left Her Home," was commenced in No. 86. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.

## CHAPTER I.

(Continued.)

"Get out, then. This place isn't big enough for two mistresses. Be off!"

As she spoke, the woman advanced threateningly toward Fanny, whose father interposed between the two.

"Father, good bye," said Fanny.

The tears started to the old man's eyes.

"Don't say that, my dear. You don't mean it," he exclaimed.

"Yes, she does; and I mean it, too. Clear out, bad 'cess to yez," vociferated Mrs. King.

Her father endeavored to restrain her, but he was pushed to one side.

The neighbors paired off, some being in favor of the step-mother, others inclined towards Fanny.

Bottles and glasses flew about freely, and Mr. King fell to the ground, by a blow from his wife.

Alarmed and horrified, Fanny rushed from the room, and the din of the conflict raging up-stairs rang in her ears as she gained the street.

She had left her home.

## CHAPTER II.

"PRETTY WAITER GIRLS."

Driven from home, as she had been by the fury of her step-mother's temper, Fanny King did not know where to go.

It was late at night, and she could think of no friend but Lizzie Cameron, from whom she had parted a short time before.

There were reasons why she did not wish to go to Lizzie's room.

However, beggars must not be choosers, and she had no alternative but to seek an asylum with her friend.

When she rang the bell, the door was opened by the landlady, a thin, hatchet-faced woman, with a vinegary expression of countenance.

"Who do you want?" she demanded acrimoniously.

"Miss Cameron, if you please," replied Fanny, mildly.

"This is a nice time of night to come ringing people up," said the landlady. "I've a good mind to slam the door in your face."

"Don't do that, ma'am. I want to see Miss Cameron on important business."

"So I should think," sneered the landlady. "Now you get out of here, do you understand?"

Poor Fanny was about to go away, with despair in her heart, when Lizzie herself appeared on the door-step, with some parcels in her hand.

"Why, Fanny!" she exclaimed, "have you come to me so soon? I didn't expect you for a day or two."

"Your landlady wouldn't let me in."

"Wouldn't she? More fool you to ask her," replied Lizzie, adding, "Mrs. Snap, do I owe you anything?"

"No, you don't," was the reply.

"Then I shall have who I like in my room, and they can come in the middle of the night, if they chose. Go down-stairs into your kitchen and raise a muss with your old man, if you want to fight."

The landlady was evidently afraid of Lizzie, for she moved to one side and muttered something which she dared not give open expression to.

A gentleman had been standing on the step.

Beckoning to him, Lizzie exclaimed, "Come in, Charley; she won't eat you."

"Who's that?" snapped the landlady.

"My brother. He always sees me home."

The landlady moved away, and the two girls, followed by the gentleman, went up to Lizzie's room.

"Is that really your brother?" whispered Fanny, as they passed up the stairs.

"No. My mother never indulged us in the luxury of a brother."

"What a story you told!"

"Certainly; but you wouldn't have me give myself away, Charley's my fellow, and he's real good to me. We've been out now to buy some supper. Are you hungry?"

"I've had nothing."

"What made you leave your home?"

"Father married Mrs. Feeney, and we had words, so I left."

Lizzie laughed.

"Thrown on the world," she exclaimed. "Poor babe! It's lucky you have got me to teach you something."

"Can I stay with you to-night?"

"Of course you can. I'll get you a room of your own to-morrow."

"But how am I to pay for it?"

"The same way I pay for mine."

"How's that?"

"Oh, pshaw! you're too innocent for any sense. Let's have supper and a good time with Charley. We can talk all we want in the morning."

Charley was a gambler, well known on the Bowery. He had struck policy that evening, and, being flush, was generous. He had bought various articles at a delicatessen store, which Lizzie spread out on the table. He went for a supply of beer and the three sat down to what Fanny King considered a sumptuous repast.

It wasn't often that she ate such nice things, and, being very hungry, she was soon as pleased as the rest.

After-supper, Charley took a pack of cards from his pocket and told the girls' fortune.

There was a dark man after Fanny and a fair woman was her enemy. She would soon have a letter which would bring her unexpected news, and four red cards denoted lots of money.

Lizzie was to meet with trouble, but if she only proved true to the light man who loved her—Charley ran in diamonds and the light man was the king of that sort—all would be well. She too would have plenty of money, but it would not do her any good and she would soon take a journey.

The girls laughed and were deeply interested.

More beer was brought and Charley sang a song, which proceeding produced a remonstrance from the person living in the next room, who knocked at the wall and told them to keep quiet.

"Don't you like it?" asked Charley.

"No," was the surly response in a man's voice.

"Then you know what to do."

"Look at here," said the man, "I don't want none of your lip. I'm a worker I am, and have to get up in the

morning, and I never heard such a blamed racket as you are making."

"What, never?"

"Well, darned seldom."

"Put your head under the clothes and fancy you are sent up for six months," said Charley.

The man saw it was useless to remonstrate further and was silent, but whether he followed Charley's advice or not is difficult to say.

Presently Charley took Lizzie on his knee and began to kiss and hug her.

"Ain't you fresh," said Lizzie.

But this was all the opposition she made to his advances.

Fanny was much shocked at her friend allowing any man to take such familiarities with her.

"I'd like to see the man who'd do it with me, if I wasn't his wife," she thought.

Charley continued to kiss and tease Lizzie until a late hour, calling her his baby, his lamb, his daisy, his darning and other peculiar endearing epithets.

At about three o'clock he took his leave and the girls retired to rest.

The next morning, after breakfast, they discussed their future prospects, Lizzie declaring that she meant to accept a situation as a waiter-girl in the Bowery Palace and urging Fanny to do the same.

"I don't like to," said Fanny.

"Why not? You've got to do something, for you don't expect I'm going to keep you all the time."

"Oh, no. I am deeply grateful to you for the shelter you gave me last night, dear, and, homeless and friendless as I am, I will go to-day—if I am a burden to you and you wish to turn me into the street."

Lizzie put her arm around her and kissed her.

"You dear little goose," she exclaimed, "as if I would do that! I only want you to have sense."

The result of the conversation was that Fanny consented to become a waiter girl and they went to the Palace together.

They found the place looking very cheerless and comfortable in the early morning. There was no gas and no music. No life, in fact, was to be seen anywhere.

A phantom-like form fitted about, cleaning up: glasses were being washed and the hall put to rights.

They had to sit down and wait an hour before the proprietor came in.

When he did he went up to the girls and patted Fanny on the cheek.

"You've got a pretty face," he said. "Kinder innocent-looking. You'll mash the men."

"Please don't do that," replied Fanny.

"Hey! Aren't you amiable and accommodating to gentlemen," he exclaimed.

Lizzie Cameron hastened to the rescue of her friend.

"Of course she is," she cried. "But she got out of bed the wrong side this morning, sir, and she's a little off."

"It's no good her getting on her ear in my place, because I'll bounce her quicker'n lightning. Now, you'll have a dollar a day and what you can make. I'll give you ten per cent. on sales of liquor and cigars. Hours, from four in the afternoon till one in the morning. Is that the proper hum-tum caper?"

"Yes, sir. We're satisfied," answered Lizzie.

She took Fanny away at once without allowing her to say a word lest she should spoil the contract by some hasty speech which her instinctive modesty might suggest.

"That's bully," she said as they got outside. "You've made a mash on the boss."

"But I don't want a mash on the boss," replied Fanny.

"You're a fool."

"Perhaps I am."

For the remainder of the day Fanny was quiet, the girls occupied themselves in fixing the dresses they were going to wear in the evening, and this is always an operation interesting to women.

At the appointed time they appeared in the hall, the pianist was leaning over the bar, and as the girls came in he eyed them critically.

"Something new?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the proprietor, "we've got to keep on having new stock all the time. Our girls come and go."

"Did you hear that the police captain was around here to-day?"

"No. I was out."

"It was just before you came in. Why didn't you see him?"

"I've seen him till I'm tired," answered the proprietor.

"It eats up all the profits."

"Suppose he pulls you?"

"Let him pull," was the answer, "take another drink."

The girls were each given a table, adjoining one another and were seated at and criticised by the other girls, who made fun of their appearance and their dress.

There was one young lady whose name was Lulu Loomis, whose red face and impudent air indicated that she was not unaddicted to the use of ardent spirits, who made remarks which were especially audible.

It was early in the afternoon, and only a few rounders and habitués of the place were inside.

"Look at the Nun," she said, "I guess she's just come out of the House of Mercy."

"Shouldn't wonder," replied another girl, "she looks as if she'd been in the dungeon and was half starved."

Lizzie flushed angrily.

"See here, girls," she exclaimed, "I'm as fond of fun as anybody, but you can't gey my friend."

"Can't I," said Lulu, "who is to stop me?"

"I will."

"Not much, you won't."

"Well, we'll see. I've heard of you, Lulu Loomis, and I won't you to understand that we've never been cruisers and know nothing about the Island."

Lulu made a movement as if she would throw a glass she held in her hand at Lizzie, but prudence restrained her.

The altercation might have led to blows had not at that moment two gentlemen entered the room.

They strolled along between the tables, looking curiously at the girls as buyers of slaves might have done in the old slavery days when examining the contents of the barracoons, previous to a sale.

Every young lady tried to look fascinating in order to attract their attention, for they were well dressed, wore a profusion of jewelry and appeared to have money.

"Oh, I hope they will come to my table," exclaimed Lulu mentally. "They're really spenders, I'll bet."

The young men halted in front of the table occupied by Fanny King, and one of them said "I have seen that girl before."

At the same moment Fanny said to Lizzie Cameron in a whisper, "I know that gentleman."

"Is that so. I thought you did not know anybody," replied Lizzie.

"He's the man who insulted me when I was discharged from the store, you remember?"

"Oh, yes. Bob Carter came up like a hero in a romance, and knocked him down."

"Precisely."

The young men sat down at the table and ordered some whisky.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

## Another New York Experience had by Our Indefatigable Commissioner.

## HE BIDS AT A MOCK AUCTION.

## An Invalid Gentleman who has to go to Europe and Sacrifice his Furniture and Four Pianos.

## THE COBRA AND THE CHIPPY BIRD.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

This Emeline, alias Madame Ratowsky, alias "the pretty woman," who runs a matrimonial bureau and a husband who plays cards, who has a private post-office, and knows a good deal about everything, is gradually exerting an influence upon your humble servant, Paul Prowler, Esq., which may be perfectly harmless, but which is by no means comfortable.

I am fascinated. That's what's the matter. Not in love with her, because I can easily see that would be a waste of time, and I can easily appreciate Charley's relinquishing this beautiful iceberg. But right up and down fascination.

You have seen the cobra di capello go for the little chippy bird. Perhaps not. Perhaps you have never traveled in the mutual country of the cobra di capello and the chippy bird. Well, I have, and it wasn't with a side-show, either, where the cobra is done up on an army blanket in a glass case; and I unhesitatingly state that I am the chippy bird and Emeline is the fascinating reptile.

I knew the very moment that I asked in the private P. O. if there were any letters for me that there was one from her. I felt it in a beer saloon a block away, and the impression steadily gained in power as I approached the stationery store.

It was short and sweet. "Meet me to-morrow in Madison square, at 3 p. m. I want you to go to an auction with me."

Now how did that woman know but what at 3 p. m. on the morrow I might have the most serious engagement with the president of some railroad company, or might be going to Boston, or to meet some other blue eyes? She didn't know, she didn't care. She simply knew that I would get the note and be on hand.

She was right. I was there; and promptly at three o'clock she alighted from an up-town bus, showing ever so pretty a zebra stocking, and came forward to meet me, smiling so sweetly that the sunlight seemed twice as bright, and the blossoms upon the trees of triple fragrance.

How ravishing this cobra di capello looked in her dainty spring dress!

"It isn't far," she said; "we will walk," and so we started up Madison avenue.

After a slight pause she continued:

"You know that pretty blonde that came in the day you were at Williamsburgh, and wanted to be booked?"

"Yes."

"Well, her husband died that night, and she caught the brewer at the funeral. They will be married in a month, and when we collect the fees I'll pay for the champagne lunch."

All this was said in the most charming and off-hand way. And yet how ghoulish it was. I shuddered, and she noticed it.

"You will get used to this sort of thing in time," she remarked. "But here we are."

A fine brown-stone house, an aristocratic-looking establishment, with the red flag flying from the brown-stone balustrade, and any quantity of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen passing up the steps and into the parlors.

"Whose auction?" I asked of Emeline.

"Oh, a very rich gentleman who has to go to Europe on account of ill health. He will travel in Spain, and will no doubt drop in on that uncle of yours—the one with a million."

She laughed one of her merriest laughs, and, as she did so, fixing me all the time with her blue eyes, she became more of a cobra di capello every moment, and I more of a chippy bird.

As we went up the steps into the aristocratic mansion of the rich gentleman who was about to travel in Spain for his health, I said to myself, "I'll bet there's something wrong about this auction, and Emeline is mixed up in it."

He was a very musical old gentleman, it appears, she remarked in a dreamy sort of way as she looked over a catalogue. "Just to think of his having four pianos!"

"What for?"

"One Steinway grand, one Chickering, one —"

"No, no. What did he want them for?"

"To play on, I presume," she replied archly, "or," spoken in a low voice and with a meaning look, "to auction them off."

Now I commenced to feel certain that all was not right.

"Let us take a stroll through the house, like these other people are doing," she continued. "It is fifteen minutes yet before the sale begins."

So we strolled. I noticed that everything was new, and glistened in its coat of varnish, and that the carpets had the appearance of having been just put down.

I mentioned this circumstance to the cobra, and she said:

"Wait a little while, and you will see them put up."

I complimented her on her wit, and she was gracious enough to reply that she felt buoyant and gay that afternoon. Whether it was the weather or the satisfactory condition of business she couldn't tell, but she knew she experienced the sensations of a school-girl out for a lark.

And yet, as I subsequently learned, I was listening to the siren voice of an adventuress, and not to put too fine a point upon it, a swindler. But what can you do when you are a chippy bird?

Try being a chippy bird once in the power of a blue-eyed cobra, and you will speedily see that you can do nothing.

My readers have already divined that what I propose to describe now is a mock auction. Such is the case. When it all flashed upon me I spoke to Emeline about it, not knowing then that she was any more than a looker-on, one too smart to be bitten, but who had come there to enjoy the exquisite pleasure of seeing others taken in and done for.

You can imagine then how my marrow turned to vanilla ice-cream when she calmly said, as she put a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses upon her pretty nose and closely inspected an ornolou mantel set:

"Certainly, it is a branch of our business. It is a connection of the Matrimonial Bureau. Five times out of ten those we marry want to commence life with new furniture. Max and I give them good advice, and tell them of the auction sale of this sick gentleman's furniture. We

have auctioned him off at least twenty times. The last time he was going to South America to look after his silver mines, and his elegant goods, and three pianos then had to go for a song."

"But do people ever come the second time?"

"Don't calculate they will. Once is enough for us. New York is a big place. There are plenty of fools in it. And besides I don't always live here: sometimes I'm on Fifth Avenue."

"And do you live here?"

"I have a room here at the top of the house, next to the servant's, who takes care of the establishment, but I seldom occupy it. I pay \$2,500 a year for this house. I fall sick and go to Europe or somewhere else at least once a week. I advertise that fact, and my elegant furniture is sacrificed."

She laughed again and tapped me on the cheek with her parasol, as if she were reproving me for looking so serious.

"But, my invalid friend," said I, forced to enter into the spirit of the affair, although I must confess I began to feel like a horse-thief, "Where do you get your furniture?"

"Buy it from the manufacturers, who make it on purpose for such occasions. Do you drink beer?"

"Try me."

"I will when we go out; we will go to Theiss's. Well, then, if you drink beer, you must know that among other varieties, there are two distinct ones—beer to drink, and picnic beer, made especially for drunken excursionists. This is picnic furniture, manufactured to be put up and knocked down."

A bell rang at this moment, and we hastened down-stairs to the parlors which were to be disposed of first, the four pianos being taken in hand primarily.

The auctioneer was a bald-headed man, who bowed almost imperceptibly as we strolled in at the rear of the catalogue-scanning crowd, and looked hard at me. In fact, during the entire sale he kept jabbing his eyes into me as if they were needles and I the cushion. It was very annoying. He began by stating that the gentleman who was forced to go to Paris in order to have an operation performed upon him by the former surgeon of Napoleon III was a mono-maniac on the subject of pianos and had frequently been known to have as many as a dozen about. But his illness had interfered with the collection and he, the auctioneer, had only four to offer this afternoon.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, for a starter. What am I to have as first bid on this elegant, seven octave, bang-up, etc., etc., etc.?"

Somebody said \$100, and with a scornful laugh the auctioneer took up the bid and rattled it off, waving his gavel in the air and looking hard at me.

"Bid \$150," whispered Emeline, her lips almost touching my ear.

"But my dear madame —"

"No beer if you don't; it's all right."

"One hundred and fifty" I shouted, seeing it all and feeling like a Pecossett Second Adventist. It was finally knocked down for \$350 to an old lady who had her two daughters with her.

And so the sale went on. The pretty woman controlled by her eyes, not only the auctioneer, but five or six men and as many women, scattered about the parlors, who were always eager in bidding, but never seemed to have anything knocked down to them. When the gavel was raised and anything was going—going—going—for the third and last time, the auctioneer, without seeming to do it, would always catch her eye and there he read whether it were time to bring the gavel down with a sharp rap and the remark—"gone to Mr. or Mrs. So and So for — dollars," which item would be immediately entered in a book by a spruce young clerk.

It is only now that I am in the purer atmosphere of my humble apartments, writing at a table that could not possibly be sold at any auction, that I appreciate the wickedness in which I was engaged. I bid whenever I was told, and there was knocked down to me for \$75 a very handsome buffet, which will be sold again when our sick friend starts for the Bahamas.

Emeline bid also in her silvery voice, and was so demure and pretty about it that for the life of me I couldn't prevent myself dreaming that it was all genuine, and that she was a young bride, not from a matrimonial bureau, bent on going into legitimate housekeeping.

At last it was all over—the catalogue had been gone through with. Many of the transactions were cash down, and there was quite a pile of bank notes, gold and silver and checks. Still without attracting attention Emeline loitered about and it came to pass that we, the auctioneer and his clerk, were the sole occupants of the building, which on the morrow would be stripped of all the invalid gentleman's possessions.

"Not so bad, Rattleton," said Emeline, going behind a table that had served as a desk, and looking at the sum total of the figures entered there.

"A first-rate day, I call it," said Rattleton, mopping his forehead, and looking hard at me. Noticing this, Emeline introduced me as a diamond merchant with whom she had dealings.



## CITY CHARACTERS.

## THE IRRESISTIBLE MATINEE "MASHER."

## A PEST OF SOCIETY.

BY COLONEL LYNX.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

The matinee "masher" is a peculiar individual, who must not under any circumstances be confounded with any one else. A great city like New York possesses multitudinous specimens of eccentric humanity, to be found nowhere else, but none stand out so clear and distinct as the character under discussion. Like they say of English stock enterprises, the breed is "limited," and all honest, upright, square men can thank heaven that such is the case.

Obviously, matinees are given for the benefit of ladies and children. Pretty young girls, with a little pocket money and plenty of leisure, are great patrons; and young married women, whose husbands don't come home until between six and seven o'clock, are zealous buyers of tickets.

There is a sense of freedom in going to the theatre unattended, or with some lady chum that is particularly delightful. Then the stroll afterward, the ices at Maillard's, or the oysters, and the arrival home, all in good time to pour out the tea for the tired husband.

Sometimes the wife tells him where she has been, and interests him with a description of the play. Sometimes she doesn't, but speaks of having been out shopping, or over to Jersey City to see a sick friend.

In the latter case you can take odds that the matinee "masher" has appeared upon the scene.

Knowing the nature of a matinee audience, he is always on hand. Wherever there is a dearth of husband, brother or sweetheart, any one of whom might pull his nose if he were detected in his flirtatious tricks, there the "masher" can be found.

As a rule, he selects the intensely emotional play, in which some married woman is constantly being tempted to her ruin, or he haunts the theatres where the gay, frisky class of drama like "Baby," "Champagne and Oysters," "Forbidden Fruit" and the like are salaciously served up. You see he is a philosopher, and understands the effect of mimic life upon young and impressionable natures.

You will find him in front of the theatre a full half hour before the curtain rises. He is on post, and, as he says languidly to his friend, he wants to see "what kind of stock is out to-day."

Solomon was very heavy on the dress they say, especially at that vague time which is alluded to by sacred and profane historians as the period when he was "in all his glory," but on no festive occasion, whether it was going down to the depot to meet the Queen of Sheba or not, was Solomon ever gotten up as the matinee "masher" is.

A little round hat; a very high collar; a gorgeous scarf with a resplendent pin; a short cutaway coat; loud English pantaloons; and checked over-gaiters. He carries a cane, with an ivory ballet-dancer's leg for a handle. His hair is parted in the middle and has just been dressed at the barbers. From his person there exhales so much perfume that you might imagine him a dealer in ladies' dressing-cases. With half-shut eyes, for your true "masher" goes to bed at four a. m., and gets up at noon, he watches the ladies through the vestibule.

After the house is seated he enters and stands for a moment at the back. Then he slides around the curving wall until he sees what he wants. It is one of the "stock" that has pleased him; a pretty, modest-looking young woman, with a pair of handsome eyes, and a neutrally-tinted bonnet.

She has a child with her—a little girl.

If such had not been the case, the "masher" would have hesitated, or moved more strategically. But his philosophy comes to his rescue. He reasons thus—

"The child is a blind. It is a card of respectability.

Perhaps she borrowed it for the occasion."

It is to be regretted that too frequently the "masher" is correct in his reasoning, but it makes his actions none the less improper and odious. Getting a seat behind the lady and child he begins, paying no attention to the play. The child is generally attacked first. He smiles at it, makes it laugh, and when he goes out between acts buys some bon-bons for it. Baby offers some to mamma, auntie or sister, as the case may be. The ice is broken, and when the crush of departure comes after the play the "masher's" card somehow becomes doubled up and is thrust into the dainty glove. Many a pure, thoughtless girl has taken this wretch's card in this manner—taken it because to refuse it would show to others that it had been offered and perhaps create a scene—and yielding to an appointment pencilled on it, has discovered too late the character of the flashily-dressed wolf.

Out in Chicago, not long ago, they had a murder trial. An injured husband shot his child-wife, and is now serving a term of fourteen years imprisonment, having narrowly escaped death at the hands of his mother-in-law, who was driven to madness by the failure of the jury to bring in a verdict of murder in the first degree. The remarkable evidence adduced showed that the girl began her downward career by falling into the hands of the gentry we have been dwelling upon. Chicago is a young town, but its crop of "matinee mashers" is immense. There they dress so loud that it might be called in "a shrieking manner," but like the New York original, on whom they are founded, their entire purpose in life seems to be to bring ruin and disgrace upon their victims, and to simulate the gentlemen while enacting the scoundrel and blackguard.

How does the "masher" live? Sometimes he is married and makes his wife support him. Sometimes he lives upon the girl or married woman who has encouraged his advances. He may have money of his own. Frequently he gambles, backs horses, stands in with throwers of base-ball matches. But it doesn't particularly matter how he lives, as long as he is ungentlemanly enough not to die.

There are at least five thousand well-dressed men in New York to-day who toil not, wouldn't know how to run a spinning wheel, and yet are always dressed to the "nines." How? Imagine me shrugging my shoulders and saying, "Je ne sais pas."

The "masher" has a private cue in a billiard room, and credit generally at one or more bars. He doesn't get drunk but is perfectly willing that any friend "well-fixed" shall. He likes to tell a good story, and is never so well pleased as when, glass in hand, he relates his latest conquest, or tells how Mr. so-and-so has found it all out and driven his wife into the street.

"Poor devil," he says, compassionately, "I suppose she expects me to do something for her. Sorry, but I can't." And lighting a cigar he strolls leisurely into Broadway.

Star Spangled Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, that long established journal, has appeared in a new dress recently, and has been vastly improved. Its illustrations are ahead of all similar papers, while its general contents are interesting indeed. Every official, lawyer, sheriff and all who would be posted as to current events, will do well to subscribe.

## WAFTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

## Pinafore Again!—Ada Cavendish—Skvoz-Stroi—Assommoir—Boucicault—The Baby Show—Aimee.

I can't say that I think introducing regular Italian opera people into a "Pinafore" caste is a success. The representations at Haverly's Lyceum Theatre are not half so charming to me as are those by the Philadelphia Church Choir Company at the Broadway. For that matter, I would rather hear the little ones sing at the Lyceum in the afternoon than witness the unbending of such musical giants as William Castle, C. H. Turner, Henry Peakes, T. G. Taylor, Ellis Ryse and the Misses Annis Montague, Laura Joyce and Adelaide Randall in the evening at the same place. The "Pinafore" music only needs young and fresh voices, and, if the acting is a little amateurish without being awkward, I am all the more pleased. When I sit in my stall at the Broadway and listen to those Quaker mocking-birds, I think of lettuce, and fresh pats of butter swimming around in cool dairies; of sliced raw tomatoes, buttercups, and daisies, clover-scented meadows, and everything that is spring like. Now I didn't experience any such sensation at the performance of Haverly's grown-up "Pinafore." It seemed to me all the time as if the Italian score singers were doing it just to oblige the public, or because they were hard up and "Pinafore" was the rage. Of course I didn't like Castle, because I don't like him in anything, classic or otherwise. He always strikes me as having had his throat done up with red flannel on the inside. Annis Montague and all the rest, with the exception of Mr. Taylor, were very fair, barring the condescension. Mr. Taylor unbent too much. He evidently believes "Pinafore" is a circus act.

While Fulton and Edgar of the Broadway have their religious troupe with them, they can afford to look with indifference upon the rentree to-night, at Wallack's, of Miss Ada Cavendish, who did them out of an engagement by taking advice and then a cold and skipping to the Bermudas. It didn't seem the square thing for Miss Cavendish to cut away in that manner, and it doesn't seem so yet. But Wallack's is a better theatre to appear in than the Broadway, and it really has been a trying spring. She appears to-night (the 19th) as *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," which is to be handsomely mounted. The little "Pinafore" people have been doing very well at Wallack's, but the "Snowball" couldn't stand the melting weather.

I cannot understand whatever induced my good friend C. Edmond Fillet, to call his new Russian Nihilist piece, by so outlandish a name as "Skvoz-Stroi; or the King of the Quarry Slaves." The sub-title is all right, and the play, which I have read, is a very strong one. Oliver Doud Byron, always popular, will assume the principal role. But imagine two Bowers boot-blacks meeting and one saying to the other—

"Where you goin' to-night, Bill?"

"To de Boweree."

"What's playin' there?"

"Sk—Sq—Ski—damned if I know."

And coming after a mellituous chocolate ice-cream sort of title as "Adele; the Saleslady!"

Assommoir didn't go, and we may safely conclude that the Zola style of realism is a failure. And yet it is a big success in Paris, where it is twice as terrible, and they are telegraphing to Fechter to come over to London and play Gil Naza's part there. I saw "Assommoir" and rather liked it. That shows, of course, that I am depraved, and immoral and like low life depicted. It doesn't show anything of the kind. I simply found the bold, rough pictures a relief for the eye tired of the satin upholstery and gilded carving of drawing-rooms on the stage, where immorality and indecency are so sugar-coated by rhetoric that you swallow them unconsciously.

"But what can you expect of a play?" said a friend of mine to me the other evening, as we were talking of "Assommoir," that makes old rounders push away the gin and sugar between the acts, and order seltzer or sarsaparilla? How can it hope to achieve any success?"

Dion Boucicault is with us again, playing this week at the Grand Opera House, in "Arrah Na Pogue." His California trip was not the most brilliant venture in the world, and he believes with the capitalists that the Pacific slope is going to the devil. I must confess that I am a little tired of Mr. Boucicault. He is too industrious; too liberal to the public; we see him too often. I would rather he would take a rest for a year or so, and then come out refreshed, able to justify the strain—

"How doth the busy Dion B.  
Improve each shining day  
By dashing off a comedie  
From one reading of a play."

At the Union Square the "Lost Children" are taken home to their parents, and are immediately followed by the "Babes of the Wood." This turns the theatre into a sort of nursery, and suggests that it wouldn't be a bad idea for the management to strike hands with the runners of the Baby Show at Brewster Hall. Let us trust that this Baby Show will be a creditable affair, utterly unlike that one gotten up some two years ago by Hitchcock, the dime music and real estate man. It was followed by the Congress of Beauty at Gilmore's Garden, and I remember both exhibitions as being gigantic frauds. In the matter of the Baby Show the mothers have certainly done all they can—it rests now entirely with those directing it. If the mammas get real angry, as they did last time, there may be a clawed De Haven somewhere around.

Mrs. Billy Florence will summer with her sister, Mrs. Barney Williams, at Bath, L. I., while Mr. Florence and Mr. Sothorn fish in the outlandishly named river they have hired for the purpose. The biggest fish in their scoop-net so far are the two lords or dukes who will accompany them. Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau will stay through the hot weather at Long Branch. Modjeska goes to Europe. So does Emily Rignl. So does A. P. Burbank. In fact, there is a whole "raft" of them who will "sail the ocean blue." Let us hope that when they all come together again, theatrical prospects will be brighter.

Aimee may be fourteen or forty—it's all one to me. She may have been born in Paris or in Brussels—they say she is a Belgian—that is also all one to me. Which makes it all too so far as I am concerned. What I know is that she is a most delightful cantatrice and the most charming exponent of bouffe music and acting that has yet visited these shores. Having said this, I drink her health. In "Mme. Favart," at the Park, she has been seen nightly during the past week at her best. It is a taxing opera, drawing heavy drafts upon her versatility, but none of the paper goes to protest. This week "Les Brigands" is revived. If you have the blues, go see her. They will vanish. A friend of mine was on his way to hang himself the other evening. We had an absinthe and then saw Aimee. He is running a comic paper now. Fact!

MARQUIS OF LONGKETT.

## VICE'S VARIETIES.

At Ballston, N. Y., on the 4th, the court of sessions met in special session, and Judge John W. Crane handed down a decision granting a new trial in the case of George W. Jones, the alibi witness in the Billings trial, recently convicted of perjury.

JAMES TOBIN was placed on trial, on the 15th, in theoyer and terminator court, for the murder of a fellow sailor named Edward Tracy, on board the steamer Alsatia, of the Anchor line. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and Judge Barrett sentenced him to state prison for life.

AFTER the double execution on the 9th, in Columbia county, Ga., there was a serious affray between the white citizens of McDuffie county present at Appling to see the hanging. Twenty-five pistol shots were fired, and the following were wounded: Jack Urry, shot in the abdomen, mortally; Shale Hawes, in the hand and hip; — Cainy, wounded in the scalp; Tug Smith, a by-stander, slightly in the hand. The shooting is supposed to have been the result of an old feud.

A FRENCH double murder was perpetrated near Laredo, Texas, on the 12th, on the Ringgold road. Two Mexican women and a man camped near the road. About two o'clock last night a Mexican on horseback rode up and shot one of the women, about sixty years old, killing her instantly. The man rose from bed, and a second shot killed him. The other woman, holding a child in her arms, ran, but being shot through the arm, dropped the child and escaped. The murderer took from the wagon what articles he desired and escaped. The wounded woman is in the post hospital and will probably recover. The child is not hurt.

The trial of Mrs. Jennie R. Smith, and her alleged paramour, Covert D. Bennett, for the murder of her husband, Police Officer Smith, continued during last week. No testimony of vital importance was adduced, however, although a letter, the handwriting of which was identified as that of Bennett, was brought out, which contained extravagant expressions of an evidently mutual passion and hidden phraseology which might be construed to imply a guilty knowledge of the crime. Upon this the prosecution has laid much stress as being of a very damaging character, but which, unless backed by strongly corroborative evidence, can scarcely be relied upon to secure conviction.

HARRISON county, Ind., furnishes many tragic items for the newspapers. It happened at or near Palmyra this time but a short distance from the scene of the Mauck horror, an account of which appeared in our columns at the time of the tragedy. At a carnival on Friday night, the 9th, a young man named Finley took part in the proceedings. This so enraged young Finley's father, Robert Finley, that he attacked the son with a knife, making a determined effort to cut his throat, and thus put an end to his charivaring propensities. The young man was barely rescued by his mother and a neighbor who was present, and Harrison county was thus saved another bloody family tragedy.

In the Stoddard murder trial at Pottsville, Pa., Judge Walker's decision on Saturday, 10th, only extended so far as admitting the proposition of the Commonwealth that Mrs. Stoddard was compos mentis at the time she made the alleged dying declarations. On the 12th the case was resumed, and the Commonwealth was required to put the declarations to the test. Proof was therefore submitted which established the deceased's sanity at the time of her death to the satisfaction of the court, and the judge decided the declarations were made under a sense of impending dissolution and therefore competent evidence. Mrs. Julia Driscoll was then recalled and resumed her narration of the facts attending the finding of Mrs. Stoddard in her terrible condition on the floor of her cottage the day of her death.

A GREAT sensation was caused in Bryan, Texas, on the 12th, by the escape from jail there of several murderers, desperadoes and important prisoners. On Sunday night, 11th inst., about seven o'clock, as the bells were ringing and people were going to church, Andrew Jackson, Jack and Tom Jones and V. A. Bond quietly walked down-stairs from their cells, went into the sheriff's office, aimed themselves with shot-guns and pistols and quietly walked out of the town unmolested. No pursuit was made. The jailer has since been arrested, charged with aiding the escape. Jackson is the infamous assassin of a stockman named Butler, in Harris county, six years ago. He has been condemned to hang several times, but always bought out of it. He was to have been tried for the murder of a man in Robertson county. The Jones brothers some time since deliberately shot down a Calvert saloon-keeper named Morse. Bond was a counterfeiter.

PUBLIC feeling in Fitchburg, Mass., is greatly exercised concerning the Hayden poisoning case, and opinion seems to be strongly set against young Hayden. Poison was found in his sister's stomach. Not a person believes she committed suicide. Nobody but the prisoner has any known motive for poisoning her. The result of the examination of the bodies of his father and mother is anxiously awaited. The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Hayden were disinterred and an autopsy made by Medical Examiner Miller. Decomposition had so far set in that arsenic can only be detected by chemical analysis, and the stomachs were sent to Boston, on the 12th, for that purpose. Indications of poison were present, but the chemist's report is awaited before the charge against the prisoner is made triple. He continues indifferent, saying nothing and betraying no anxiety. He has engaged counsel, and an interview with one of them revealed the fact that the line of defense as to the sister's death will be insanity. Of course, this will be destroyed if arsenic is found in the other two bodies. Young Hayden tells his counsel he is innocent, and does not blame the authorities for taking legal steps. He appeared to his lawyer as a majority of men would under similar circumstances, and showed considerable emotion.

GEORGE MILLER, about as seedy and filthy a looking mass of human flesh as has honored the Newport, Ky., jail in a long time, was registered there on the night of the 11th, on the very serious charge of attempting to commit a rape on Etta Cosgriff, a little girl ten years of age, on Fearon's Hill, on the afternoon of that day. According to the girl's story, Miller accosted her and took hold of her arm, at the same time telling her to come and go on the hill with him and he would give her ten cents. Etta began screaming, and breaking loose from the man, ran home and told her uncle, Mr. Henry Bullock, of what had occurred. Mr. Bullock started out in immediate pursuit of the man, and was rewarded by capturing him before he had gone but a short distance. The fellow denied any knowledge of the girl and said that he had said nothing to her. Nevertheless, he was taken in the presence of Etta and identified by her as the man. This was sufficient, and he was brought into the city and put in jail. He said it was a mistake; that he was not the man, and the girl had told her uncle. He said that while Etta was identifying him some man whom he does not know pulled a pistol on him and attempted to shoot him, but was prevented by some person who took the weapon from him. He said he had been around Newport for the past two days looking for work. He is twenty-four years of age, about five feet t n

inches high, wore a very light mustache, and had on clothes so ragged and filthy that it was impossible to tell their color.

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